

THE STUDENT WORLD

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ROBERT C. MACKIE, *Editor*

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EDITORIAL

The Road back from War

Out of the armies and the resistance, out of prison camps and hiding-places students are marching on the road back from war. The present academic year finds the universities of the world thronged with students as never before in their history. In Prague and in Leiden, in Oslo and in Helsinki, in Paris and in Tübingen several generations of students are studying at the same time, as those who have lost precious years seize their last opportunity. In the United States of America, and throughout the British Commonwealth of nations, "veterans" or "ex-service men" in their thousands are taking advantage of government plans for higher education; and the universities are spilling out of their inadequate buildings into the disused factories of war. As China emerges from its still longer ordeal, students who have never known normal conditions are flooding the temporary universities of the interior, and soon will spread out on the long trek back to the coastal cities. It is in this bewildering and challenging situation that the national and local student Christian movements are taking up their post-war task. How successful will they be in attracting and holding the war generation? What effect will that generation have upon the character of the movements? These are serious questions in the minds of national student leaders.

In this issue of The Student World we have tried to secure some glimpses into the spiritual journey of these men and women, some idea of where along the road our movements must go to meet them. The picture is a confused one because the situation is confused. The effect of war upon individuals has been astonishingly varied; there is material here both for thankfulness and for dismay. Some men and women have been drawn nearer to Jesus Christ by their experiences; others have drifted, or been pushed, farther away from Him. There is no single judgment that can be made on this vast human upheaval save that the agony of war shows with stark clarity the good and the evil that is in man, and reveals unmistakably the strength and weakness of the Christian Church. Perhaps indeed the greatest benefit is that fundamental issues stand out in a new definiteness and simplicity, and it may be worth while picking out one or two of them.

Faith matters more; for some men now know they lack it, and others have found it for the first time. Unbelief and belief are nearer to one another than either is to indifference. The shock of war, and personal suffering, have cast some men into a pit of despair, and raised others to new heights of certainty. Service in an army of liberation or in the underground resistance has awakened thoughts and emotions which may have turned to disillusion, or been perfected in a transcending faith. Both things may happen; the one certainty is that those who have gone through such experiences have changed. If they drift into indifference, they will know what it means to have believed and to have lost faith. If they believe, their faith will be of a commanding character.

The Church has failed and it has succeeded. All public manifestations of Christianity seem a hollow mockery against the background of total and relentless warfare. Protestations of Christian love seem blasphemous when men, women and children die in cattle-trucks or pens not fit for beasts. It is a sound instinct which makes men recoil from the self-righteousness of an institution which was created for the world's salvation and only succeeds in

saving itself. And yet the Church has had its victories. Not once nor twice it has led a resistance or redeemed a sordid moment. Through the faithfulness of its members it has brought light and comfort to the souls of men in torment. Chaplains have again and again reflected the spirit of their Master; and a worshipping fragment has maintained the life of a community designed for death. Men and women may have spurned the advances of the Church, or drawn strength from its sacraments; at any rate they know what it can be at its worst and at its best.

War has taught men, forced them, to cooperate with one another, and yet to know why they differ. There is no comradeship like that of absolute necessity. Students have found themselves shoulder to shoulder in a pact of life or death with men whose lives they know nothing of, and whose opinions they would normally have disregarded. In one sense distinctions have been wiped out and a common understanding has been inevitable at close quarters. And yet differences have also become sharper. Just because men have lived so intimately with one another they have discovered that there are matters about which you must make up your mind, and that other men will not be of the same mind. Half lights and doubtful opinions have given place to strongly held convictions. The communist and the Christian seem to have emerged in many situations as the two outstanding types. Against the grey mass of those who depend upon other people's certainties these two stand out and have recognised one another. The only real discussion left seems to be between them, and it is a discussion which students of all people must carry to its conclusion.

It will not be easy for the war generation to dig themselves in during their transition period. Civilian life has superficial freedoms denied to service life, but it lacks its backbone; resistance has a meaning and purpose which seems to fade out when the object of resistance collapses. The courage and conviction of abnormal days are apt to seem like ancient suits of armour in the so-called normal world. And yet the fact that many of our members know better what faith means, know better what the Church

should and should not be like, and know their fellowmen better, gives our movements an amazing opportunity of being really effective instruments for God in the great mass of students. There will be no smooth passage for the movements which welcome the war generation, but there will certainly be a wind in their sails. For these men and women have discovered that the world is worse than ever they expected, and the only Christ who interests them is One who can save to the uttermost. They can teach us great lessons on their road back from war.

R. C. M.

New Faith from Disaster

BOŽENA KOMÁRKOVÁ

Out of the Czechoslovakian Resistance

Was the war the most depressing experience of these last years? This gigantic struggle of three continents: cities in ruins and millions of homeless people moving from country to country? Was this war something we did not want, and into which we were drawn by impersonal forces as it were into a storm which nobody can control?

I must declare for the Czechoslovak students to their colleagues in other countries: we desired this war because we had known something which was still more terrible. We desired war from the day we knew it was inevitable. From Nuremberg came the first challenge to the world, when humanity was mocked by anti-Jewish laws. The second challenge was aimed against us, and we gave our answer. We, students, workmen, the whole nation, filled the streets and demanded arms that we might fight for our honour like men. Our cause was also the cause of humanity. We were asked by the rest of the world to lay down our arms in order to preserve peace. We obeyed with a feeling of shame for the whole world; and waited for the war.

Fighting without Arms

The front in this war was a declaration of faith, an "either... or": right or violence, law or lawlessness, Christ or Genghis Khan. When war came we stood at the front without arms. Where the Anglo-Saxon world could freely fight to the last minute there was only one

possibility on the continent : serfdom or rebellion. We have lived in rebellion for six years.

All that the West has only learned about life in Europe after its armies have discovered its horrors — that was our central experience. Our only weapon was betrayal. Resistance at home, sabotage, espionage, secret broadcasting — this was all we had left to us. Life had changed, and lost its security. Man wanted to be only an instrument. But he remained also an individual in whose soul grew the restlessness of a hunted animal. There were arrests, torturing by the Gestapo, months and years of prison before trial. And, after that, there was either the penitentiary, or cells of death and executions ; or a concentration camp with all that now has been revealed about them. Those who were left were frightened by their own helplessness and inability to help those who were taken. When their turn came they accepted it as a relief, as if they could mitigate the fate of others by their own suffering.

Behind the walls of prisons and the barbed wire of camps — and the whole of Europe was slowly being transferred to these two places — there grew up an experience which taught us two things : on the one hand scepticism, on the other faith.

Loss of Faith in independent Humanity

There was scepticism about everything which was human, scepticism also about a faith which had been the pride and honour of humanity since the Enlightenment ; faith in the steady progress of what was human society which depends on the development of science, which in turn springs from the free exercise of reason and the elimination of superstition, the only source of all evil. All the thinkers of modern Europe like Hegel with his idealism, and his opposite, Marx ; the positivist Comte, nurtured by French rationalism, as well as the evolutionist Spencer, rooted in empiricism, and even Masaryk one of the greatest prophets of democracy —

all these thinkers have one essential thing in common : they do not know positive evil, only a relative imperfection resulting from the present stage of development, which will be overcome by further knowledge.

But the development which we witnessed was of a different kind. It followed the line prophesied by one pessimist "*von Humanität zur Nationalität, von Nationalität zur Bestialität*". The perverse crimes which were committed were not the aroused passions of a mob but an organized system of responsible government by one of the most progressive countries of Europe. Its thorough planning and organisation required the expert assistance of several branches of science. Science which was considered by many idealists as the main tool for organising a perfect and just society had become the most obedient and efficient tool of crime.

There was a host of degrading humiliations which broke the body and the spirit of men in concentration camps ; and those driven to insanity and suicide witnessed to the shame and debasement to which humanity was exposed. And still all these horrors were not the most dehumanising facts. For even in the gas chambers people showed altruistic concern, and prison life brought forth a spirit of solidarity and sacrifice, in which human fellowship asserted itself in the face of its most cruel violation.

But on the other hand people were more dehumanised by their free choice, because then they deprived themselves of their human dignity. It was not just the police and the SS but the *élite* of the nation which was willing to become tools of this system. Technical experts built concentration camps with equipment which included gas chambers. Physicians welcomed the possibility of vivisectionist experiments, not only on the adult inhabitants of these camps, but also on the children. Judges daily announced with indifferent voices death sentences to intellectual and labour leaders by the score. And prison chaplains, who knew what kind of people were suffering in prison cells, who were aware of their terrible

anxiety about their families, children or parents, these witnesses of endless processions to the gallows were praying to the end with official voices for the government, which is from God, and for victory in a just war.

The most terrible experience of the past years was to discover that such perversity came not from abnormal people with "a will to evil" but from the average educated person of a country of great technical achievements with a people who appreciate family life. The appalling thing was that the fundamental discernment of guilt and punishment seemed to have disappeared from amongst these people and the question: "Where is thy brother?" which broke into Cain's conscience was so entirely eliminated that there was not the faintest echo of dread in transgressing the Law. I heard a prison chaplain, a well-educated man, preaching that faithfulness is more valuable than freedom, "*Treue zur Volksgemeinschaft*". He forgot that his faithfulness should be first to Jesus Christ Whose gospel he was sent to preach. It was terrible to see that these people considered themselves just and devout at the very point where they committed the most dreadful blasphemies.

And then on the other hand we had alongside us those who denied the gospel and called themselves materialists, but lived according to the gospel in their service to the weak, in their rebellion against the oppressor, in their humility in death, as they still believed that sacrifice is the salt of the earth which will bring forth the fulfilment of the ideal of human brotherhood: equality of work and material goods, and universal peace. Such were the daily facts before our eyes. We took men more seriously than their ideologies, and we became sceptical about the faith which Europe has shared with America since the Enlightenment: namely the faith that human nature needs only to develop its reason in order to become perfect, and that it can build the Kingdom of God by its own strength.

Faith in Christ as Saviour of the World

But we have also learned one faith — Job's confession, which became ours also : "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear : but now mine eye seeth thee" (Job 42 : 5). It is an acknowledgement of our way, which was also Job's way. In that way was rebellion as well as a challenge, for us and for the others. Whether we called to heaven that our prison doors might be opened, because we believed that we were badly needed in the world, or when a tortured human being was driven to insanity in a lonesome cell, or one of us was slowly dying among the most revolting physical conditions, then rebellion crept into our hearts which desired to ask : "did you see it, Lord ?" There was a time when it seemed to us that the place to which we addressed our prayers was empty, that nobody was hearing them, that there was no God in heaven. But there was Christ the absolute fulfilment and beside Him there was no room for any negation. Christ was impossible without God. And Christ was constantly growing more real here against this background of pain and suffering, desperation and terrible arrogance, and bottomless indifference to human suffering : Christ the incomprehensible, infinite love, prepared for everyone, both for him who is without help in the hand of his oppressor and for him who does not know how poor he is, because he has lost all human feeling in inflicting suffering on fellow-beings without feeling anything. The martyred Saviour, Love and Judgment, stood here at the cross-roads of all human ways, and taught us to say more willingly : "Thy will be done". Even if we did not know how to love so that our love might precede the will, God was teaching us obedience because he was showing us that it was hard to resist Him. We remained weak and full of fear, but God was still strong and full of judgement and mercy, where man thought he was alone and forgotten by heaven and earth.

Everyone of us in these apocalyptic times was placed in some way directly before the Absolute, before God, in such a way that there was no escape. All values, all life's security, were shaken; home and family were gone, property lost, national life became a collective suffering; cultural and moral values were swept away, and it was God who forced us to give up the last support of our civil life, our belief in our social usefulness in our task among the people, and humbly to reach out for death which seemed to deny all. This happened that we might know that the meaning of life is not fulfilled in the accomplishments which we set for ourselves, but in that which God has decreed for us. The Absolute, the Unconditional, has spoken directly. It was the Cross, but the Cross of God's love, the absolute fullness, God Himself.

Repentance and the Grace of God

By God's decision many of us went to the scaffold; and some of us returned. If there is something that we can tell our brethren after our return, it is the words of the prophet in the desert: "Repent". God has taught us to pray for our enemies that the darkness before their eyes might be lifted so that they might recognize their own humanity and their guilt. God has perhaps not left our prayers unanswered. Perhaps we were led through suffering so that our enemy and God's might be brought to repentance. Never would our love be sufficient to pray for such a calling. But it is God Himself who determines the fulfilment of our calling. We should fall upon our knees beside our oppressors and with them confess the lack of love in our hearts. It is our task before God to become again their brethren.

To-day it is the duty of prominent lawyers at Nuremberg to judge and punish crimes committed against humanity. This fact does not take away the necessity to be mindful of the warning: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall". We stand only by

the grace of God and we must not desert those who still remain our brethren. We have to accept again into our midst our German colleagues and to seek together with them the will of God for our personal lives and for the life of society. Let us learn together that there are no other laws but those of God, and that, if a state attacks humanity, it is revolting against God. Let us show solidarity with them in their difficult struggles. Let us help them to build again upon the foundations of faith; only from a common search can come a strong faith.

The experience of these last years is one mighty experience of the fact: how lost we are without God, whether as individuals or as nations; an experience that, wherever we rely only on our own strength, good turns into evil in our hands, evil into hatred, life into death. The instruments of technical advance, all cultural values, are turned against us, and bring destruction instead of blessing. And so our greatest experience, and a saving experience, is the realisation of our poverty and dependence on that which we can receive only from God, so that we might feel rich only in His gifts.

Advent has come again, the promise of the One whose name is: "God with us", and His birth will be announced by the heavenly host to all the poor of this earth by the words: "Fear not". "God with us", this word, which also can mean judgement, we wish to accept for the whole world as the word of promise. We declare ourselves as those to whom angels are telling: "Fear not".

Is Hope still possible ?

JOHN MACKAY

A British Naval Officer

It is said that a young and very recent recruit to the Navy was once unwise enough to press an Able Seaman of long experience for a description of "what it was like at sea". "Well", said the Able Seaman after consideration, "there's just miles and miles and miles of damn-all"! Monotony is bound to take a high place amongst the impressions of the wartime member of the Forces. One thinks of days spent on convoy escort, when there was nothing to look at (apart from miles and miles and miles of damn-all) except a handful of merchant ships and a smaller handful of destroyers; of seemingly unending anti-submarine patrols, when the prospect was somewhat similar except that there were no merchant ships; of the middle watches when it rained and one huddled miserably over the pelorus waiting for 0400 and one's relief to arrive on the bridge; of the middles when it didn't rain and one walked about waiting for 0400 and one's relief.

Yet even stronger than the impression of boredom is that of the extraordinary remoteness of one's wartime life from anything that had gone before. How strange it seemed at one's New Entry Depot to slip into the anonymity of uniform and feel one's immediate horizon bounded by the necessity to learn to tie a few bends and hitches correctly, to acquire a few elementary facts about seamanship and to arrive punctually

at the right place to fall in with one's class ! How strange, when one went to sea, to have life organised on the alternating principle of four hours on watch and four hours below ! How strange to be a member of a community which, while the ship was at sea, was completely self-contained and had to be completely self-reliant ! How strange after an early manhood spent almost entirely in preoccupation with what men thought and wrote, to find oneself following an occupation in which everything depended on what men (including oneself) *did* ! It was no longer of importance to weave an intellectual pattern around Marlowe's conception of kingship and its relation to Shakespeare's ; it was of desperate importance to keep a good lookout, or to help in maintaining the rhythm by which ammunition was constantly supplied to the guns, for the lives of men might depend upon it.

The irrelevance of Christianity

This remoteness of the wartime existence of millions of men from their way of life in peacetime brought another remoteness into clear perspective ; namely, the remoteness of the Churches and organised Christianity from the lives of ordinary men. There can be no doubt that to the vast overwhelming majority of men in the Forces the Christian faith was a picturesque irrelevance and the Church an anachronism. Many had a vague idea that religion "was quite a good thing" ; it did no harm, and those who professed it appeared to cut so little ice one way or another that it could not be held to be of very much importance. Christian conviction was not an aberration of sufficient practical consequence to be worth troubling about very much. The idea that Christianity had a word of power which could give a new direction and a redeeming sense of purpose to life was not rejected ; it simply did not occur, because there seemed to be no evidence of power or purpose in Christianity's self-confessed adherents. The idea that the

clue to human experience which could make the torture of a world and the disintegration of a civilisation comprehensible resided in Christ and His Cross simply did not arise. The Christian faith was not a live option. Its exponents were respected when they appeared to be sincere ; they were liked in so far as they were just, honest, generous and without affectation. If religion was their hobby, let them go to it. It was of no more fundamental importance than stamp-collecting or crossword puzzle solving or any other harmless idiosyncrasy.

Man is tested by conduct

Yet one was constantly impressed and humbled by the endless cheerfulness, patience and loyalty of ordinary men. I think of the fisherman from Stornoway, known as the hardest drinker in the ship, who was never known to come back aboard without seeing that whoever had gone ashore with him got back too ; of the boy who had worked in a hardware factory in Lancashire, who was one of the most honest and single-minded men I ever met ; of the professional sailor who sat in the little iron seat next to mine at action stations and who said to me during the British saturation raids on Germany, "I had a letter from my wife today. She was in Devonport with the kids during all the Jerry raids, but she says no matter what you think of the Germans you can't help being sorry for them now." If I am asked how the supreme relevance of the Christian faith is to be brought home to such men, I reply, that the first step depends on the quality of conduct achieved by those who are known adherents of that faith. We simply are not sufficiently like Christ ; and so long as we remain self-satisfied, without the sympathy which is an element of love, not distinguished for integrity or selflessness or loyalty, men who are as sheep having no shepherd will not believe that we have any word worth hearing to speak. Why should they ?

The armour wherein we trusted...

The war has written the impermanence of civilisation before us in letters of fire. A year ago I drove from Rome to Taranto, passing on the way through the devastated villages north of Cassino and finally through Cassino itself. It was an obscene spectacle. No house, and hardly a wall remained standing in what had once been the dwelling of a community who loved and worked and fought and sorrowed. Here and there one could see what had been a tree, a scarred and splintered stump, perhaps six, perhaps eight feet high ; no branches, nothing but a barkless column ending grotesquely where the trunk had been torn across by a shell. That kind of sight could be paralleled a hundred or a thousand times on the battlefields of Europe and the Far East. The material expression of a civilisation, houses, factories, museums, power-plants, parks and schools, has been shattered because the culture which it expressed is no longer unified, no longer commands the loyalty of men. The armour wherein we trusted is shattered and broken. But I do not yet discern amongst my countrymen any sign that the revelation that our society and our civilisation has no permanence is pointing them to the one sure and certain ground of hope in Christ.

Consciousness of the nation

One thing the war has certainly done for my generation of the British people, those who became adult during the restless thirties ; it has driven us back upon a consciousness of the nation. In the universities of ten years ago, academic Marxism on the one hand and a somewhat Tolstoyan pacificism on the other fairly readily commanded allegiance. The emblems of patriotism corresponded to nothing real within our experience ; a facile denunciation of Britain's shortcomings matched a facile internationalism. The part which

Britain has played in the war against Nazism and Fascism has forced us to an awareness that nationhood is one of the given elements in the human situation ; and that under God the British people have a vocation to follow in the world *as British*. There are clearly in this consciousness the seeds of a new danger ; the awareness that my nation has a God-given task must be checked at every turn by the conviction that similar tasks await the Dutch, the Polish the German, the Indian, the Russian, the African and the Japanese peoples under God. But I cannot think it to be a loss that whereas ten years ago I and my contemporaries saw no particular significance in the fact that we belonged to this nation and to no other, we now are proud to recognise that God has given to Great Britain a vocation which in some measure it is ours to fulfil. One can bring a worthy contribution to the ecumenical church only in so far as one has truly entered into the heritage of one's own denomination. One can bring a worthy contribution to the worldwide family of nations only in so far as one truly embodies one's own national tradition.

I said above that this new consciousness of belonging to a nation contains the seeds of a new danger. A member of the U. S., Army recently wrote : "Many a soldier is coming home with a dangerously provincial attitude. His conviction that America is better than the foreign lands he has visited often has made him despise Europeans and think that the old America he knew before the war is the ideal of life."¹ Read "Britain" for "America" and "foreigners" for "Europeans" in that sentence and it is no less true.

Is hope still possible ?

Almost a year ago a British Army Officer wrote in a letter to a journal "The British soldier is fighting for

¹ "Recollections of War", by Roger Shinn. "Christianity and Society", Fall, 1945.

the future and he does not believe in that future". The largely inarticulate and exceedingly widespread cynicism about the future which he perceived has not passed with the coming of victory. The generation which has served in this war is a generation which believes that it sees the great gifts of peace and freedom, for which it has fought and striven daily slipping further and further from its grasp. The sudden ending of lend-lease; the decision of the U.S President not to share the "Secret" of the atomic bomb with Russia; the failure of the Council of Foreign Ministers in London; the ruthless deportation in Eastern Europe; United States exclusivism with regard to the problems of the Japanese occupation; agitation and ill-feeling in Britain against European refugees; Russian intransigence in Eastern Europe — all appear to be steps along a road to break the hard-won alliance of war and to hurry the world into a new era of competing multinational sovereignties which can end only in a war yet bloodier than that which has barely dragged to its close. Widespread and purposeless despair may well sweep before it the generation which has served in the armed forces during the war and in whose hands must lie the making of the peace.

Despair is forbidden

Despair is an attitude which is forbidden to the Christian. In so far as he is truly aware of the world's sin and his own, he cannot claim to be surprised by the sight of a world of well-meaning people drifting ever nearer and nearer to catastrophe and totally unable either to achieve the ends which they seek or to understand why they fail. For him the masterpiece which makes sense of the jigsaw puzzle is, as it must always be, the Cross of Christ. In so far as men seek for hope in themselves and their own achievements, those hopes are doomed. Only the recognition of the Cross and the Resurrection as the one eternal ground of hope can

liberate men from the despair which inhibits action and paralyses hope. Men are thirsting for the word of God, which is the word of life ; but a debilitated and castrated word will not suffice. Anyone who has served in this war has had the horizons of his experience drastically and often brutally extended. A man who has learnt to expect, for instance, that every new port he enters in the course of a given campaign will be smashed and shattered can never be the same man as he was before ; he has had a glimpse into a world of experience of which he did not previously dream. If the word of life is to be spoken to our generation, it must be a word which makes clear that Christ comprehends every level of human experience, that Christ has been there before. Men do not want to be offered an easy solution ; they have seen too much to suppose that the solution *can* be easy. The dreadful claims of Christ upon fallen men must be made clear. If they are not, our generation will return an answer of contempt ; the hungry sheep will still look up and not be fed.

Discoveries in a Nazi Prison

Two Norwegian Students

I

I Can't Hate

OLAV BRENNHOVD

How peaceful it can be in a prison! A wonderful listening silence around you, and in yourself. A world inside this world, but at the same time an isolated world where you are more alone than in any other place. The silence is within me, as I never have met silence before. Around me — a world filled with cruelties, suffering and pain; men wandering for the last time to a spot from whence they will never return. Very often I can hear the dull thud of the axe falling, and telling me that a man has left life. But to-night this astonishing peace has come again, and at the same time the voice of God is speaking to me as distinct as ever, because I have forgotten myself and all that belongs to me and am aspiring after the company of God. He is my only company here, but He never leaves me and I always can trust Him. Now again He is whispering the same words, which again and again have come to me through these terrible years so full of pain, through the strokes and blows of the Gestapo, through the many hours when I was examined and tortured: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

A Child of God

"In everything" — nothing is more or less important in God's sight. From the simplest needs of life to the greatest and most difficult problems everything must be brought to God, and, if we have confidence and faith, He will settle all difficulties and problems. Through my experiences I have learned this. As a child I went to Him each day when I was in need of a piece of bread, as happened very often, or if I had religious problems. How simple everything was. To most of us the question of God has come: Will you be my child or not? If I say no, it means that I take all problems, all difficulties upon my own shoulders and everything depends on my own power and strength. But how long can you live on your own strength in such surroundings? For months you might go on, and perhaps for two or three years, but one day the catastrophe happens. I do not mean to say it always happens, but very, very often in a prison. More plainly than usual you can see and meet with it there. Do you say "Yes" to the calling of God? You have to take the consequences of that. "Yes." God is my Father and I am his child, and as His child I have to give Him full confidence, trusting Him in all things. But in that common life with Him I shall soon discover one thing which shuts me out from Him: my sin. I clearly understand the necessity of Jesus Christ and His task for me. The Holy Spirit? Always a great problem. Now? Very simple: power. And what do we need more than power in these times? That is my Christianity, my theology. Nothing more, but it contains all I need for holding on in this loveless and pitiless world.

Once Jesus said: "Except ye... become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven". These words of Jesus were not spoken in jest. First, when you take these words in earnest, you will discover how true they are. I can read the New Testament in a new way, and especially the gospels. Earlier I put my

thoughts into them, but now the Man Jesus comes out of the pages and speaks to me. I see Him walking amongst the people, seeing their wants, their suffering, their work, their joys and struggle. For a short time He lived with them, and as they did, and — greatest thing of all — He saw their boundless need and suffering. And He gave Himself; He suffered on a cross to help and to save them, and you and me too. How much better I understand now what he had to suffer, after having suffered so much myself. Now I understand how much love there must be behind such a task, and how much forgiving and understanding. And God? How He must love us sinful people, in offering such a sacrifice. How much have I learned myself? If I fight for the good in the world, I must be willing to offer a sacrifice, and I must be willing to suffer. This seems to be a Law of life, that only by the help of men who are willing to give themselves up and suffer, can goodness be brought into the world.

Learning to love.

How can I hate any more, who have lived to see the boundless love of God, shown to me by Jesus Christ? Where are all the terrible hours in the Gestapo cellar? How do I look upon those people who have brought me to death's door? I cannot forget those hours, but I can see what they have given me: an education from God. We must learn to love through suffering, to love the poor, unhappy and desperate man who is living far from God and who does not know the way to God and His love. I cannot hate because I, the child of God, see in every man, good or bad, a soul which was destined to be saved for God and to be a citizen of God's Kingdom. And now it is my duty to try to reflect a little of that love which God has shown to me. If I hate, I hate the work of evil men, but I know that hate can never conquer the world, and never settle world problems or bring confidence between the nations.

Hate is not constructive or creative. A soul filled with hate has nothing to bring to the world. For many of us in prison the struggle against hate was a struggle for life. We knew that if hate were to become the dominating factor in our hearts, then destruction would come from within, and one day we would be only ruins. As soon as possible the world must learn this and try to conquer such feelings, if not from religious or Christian reasons, at least from a practical point of view. Hate means destruction. Destruction for every man who is filled with it, and destruction of all relationships between nations. The fruit of hate is distrust, suspicion and, at last, war. Love alone can save the old world and create a new world, but it presupposes that people of all nations are willing to suffer for good in the world, to make sacrifices and to renounce personal claims. The love of God is a reality. We can build on it. *To build on God's love does not mean destruction of the state, apparent lawlessness and weakness, nor does it reduce our ability to see the realities, but brings power to work out actual problems with brain and heart.*

Living in the Kingdom.

Many people have asked me how it could be possible for those who were sentenced to death to go out of life without a word of hate or denunciation. I have lived among them, and have given many of them the last Holy Communion; and the last words I always heard were: "Say to my family: They mustn't hate. We can't build on hate, only on love and forgiveness." How can we explain that fact? I have often wondered myself, and for long I could not find an answer until one day at church in the prison at Brandenburg, the chaplain in a sermon found just the right words: "In the Kingdom of God there is no concentration camp and no execution", he said. "Here in the prison 300 men are waiting for death. Very often I visit them, wanting to give them comfort, but I come out from them comfor-

ted. They have already left this life and are in a new world, filled with peace and confidence, without hate or other passions. They are new creatures with a new view — the eternal view. Execution itself is only an outer manifestation, that life on earth has come to an end."

Yes, that was the secret. Many of them were already living in the Kingdom of God, new creatures with a new sight — the eternal sight which has seen the deep tragedy of mankind and therefore is willing to forgive all people, since God has forgiven them, through the suffering of Jesus Christ for their sake. The really great things in life have been great, and the small things have taken their right proportion. Only by forgiving one another and by trying to love one another with a little of the love that God has shown to us, can we create a new world and make mankind anew. Here are no nations, here are no frontiers, we are all one in Jesus Christ.

Called of God

That is what three years in prison have given me, and I know others also. Many of my comrades have gone the same way, and we are all thankful to God that he has given us these years. We have suffered much, but we have gained more than in all our earlier years together. We have found in our hearts peace with God and ourselves, and it is a duty to give what we have got to other people all over the world. Call upon us and we come, since we have got something from God which does not belong to us alone, but must be given to all people of all nations. We cannot hate, for we have seen and known so much of God's unmerited and boundless love to us, who without Him would never have come through these pitiless and loveless years.

II

I find freedom

EDVARD HJÖRNEVIK

At the end of May this year, six hundred and twenty-five out of six hundred and forty Norwegian students returned to their University in Oslo after having spent eighteen months of their life in German concentration camps. This space of time did not elapse without leaving lasting impressions. The greater part of these students left Norway as boys and returned as grown men. One grows rapidly, and in a crude way, in such a camp.

I was myself one of those three hundred and fifty students who had to experience the hardships of Buchenwald for some time. It should not be necessary to give an exact commentary on the place. What did we then experience in prison of lasting importance? It is no easy task to summarize what left impressions on the whole group, and involves many difficulties. It is not easy to make concrete the development from boyhood to manhood. I have asked many of my fellow students for a report just upon what they experienced and what had influenced their mental development most. The greater part of them answered me by shrugging their shoulders. Therefore I have been forced to fall back upon my own experiences.

Distinguishing essentials

To distinguish between the essential and non-essential things of life was my first and hardest lesson. I left for Germany with a Christian view of life which was to be subjected to a rigid test, and which was the result of a long development. I had often a strong feeling of being related to the prodigal son's elder brother, for whom I cherished a certain sympathy. I could surely

not escape the acknowledgment of a sinful heart, and of Jesus Christ as my Saviour. But something at least had to be to my own credit: I daily read the Bible, prayed, went to church, and spent my leisure time in the extension of the Kingdom of God. I do not mean to say that any time I shall regret that. But in fact I was held back by imagining that the connection between God and myself depended on a certain Christian activity and a ritual routine of life on my side. I had a lack of inner peace and freedom, and I thought: it is my own fault and short-comings. More speed, therefore, and more activity. I did not see that I stood on the side of the Pharisees.

Then one day I happened to be in Buchenwald — deprived of everything — of hair, of clothes, watch and engagement-ring, of the elementary rights of man, of defence and the protection of democratic society, of the simple but easy circumstances, of those I highly loved, of the shelter and edification of the Church, of the fellowship of a Christian society, of the Holy Scripture, of the ability to concentrate in prayer and meditation, and I was even deprived of the ability to influence other people towards confidence in Christ. It was rather shocking. There I stood, surrounded by such a deep and bottomless misery that the limits even of my ability to resent were trespassed. And what about my chances? The supply of nutrition was far from sufficient; there was an illusory hospital service and threatening pestilence. German war industry was in the near neighbourhood. One day it had to be destroyed. What then?

My Christian view of life did not suffice for this experience. It was overburdened with unessential things: personal opinions, interpretations, Pharisaism and prejudice. Out of it all emerged Jesus Christ Himself, alive and personal. The rest evaporated. He said: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me". And there was also St. John: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the Sons of God".

For Christ's sake

To me this became a reality, a new revelation : God is my Father. I am His child, even in spite of the fact that I can do nothing myself, not even a worthy, concentrated prayer. I could be peaceful and sink down in a firm confidence, which was founded exclusively upon the love of God. Himmler's rogues could not deprive me of this peace and confidence. I dare say that the American planes played a part in the brushing up and confirmation of this strongly simplified foundation of life. It happened during the long railway transportation ; on these travels I often had to face death. Each time we came into bombing raids and the bombs began to pour down around us, only two words came to my mind : *Propter Christum, propter Christum*. They were my only hope for life, and on earth, in death and in the hereafter.

The new experience of Christ, however, was also attended by other practical consequences. I gained the inner freedom which I had sought for years. "Do not take yourself too seriously", He had told me. "I am the vine, you are only the branches. All depends on me. Believe in me." It is wonderful to be freed from taking yourself too seriously. I noticed how a new self-consciousness awakened in relation to God, and this released me also in my relation to my fellow-students. It opened a quite new world to me : namely, the society in which God has placed me, my own beloved people, before the gates of Hell, because it has dethroned Jesus Christ as Lord. I saw its salvation in renewed meeting with Him, and I saw the possibility of its salvation in this generation. Christ can do all things. He can use even me in His service, because the work is His alone, and He has chosen to do it by means of weak and unstable human beings in order to glorify the name of God. To those to whom He gives the task He also gives the power.

I have given a strong personal character to this statement. I have shared my experiences with my Christian fellow-students who have stamped them both as not very original and not specifically personal! Many of us who have been in concentration camps, either in Norway or in Germany, have gained Christian experience together. That is not so strange. But even those Christian students who escaped prison, and spent years in exile or fought on the fronts or in the underground front at home, have had much the same experience: an inner freedom won through a simplified Christian faith. For that reason I keep this as a personal statement in order to express what a numerous group of Christians have learnt from the misery of war — a valuable asset as now we go to work on restoration.

From Battlefield to Campus

Two Canadian Chaplains

I

The War has changed Men

J. R. LENG

The returning ex-service man or woman is changed. The experiences of the war years have left their mark. Not that he is to be viewed as some strange creature, but rather as an individual who has felt the crushing impact of war at first hand. Even the person who has not left Canada, but spent his service period in the Dominion, is changed. The discipline and methods of, and life in, the services have wrought a transformation.

The personal effects of War

The greatest change is to be found in the combatant ; the person who actually fought or was subjected to air raids, V-1 and V-2 bombardment while stationed in Britain, or the Lines of Communication troops on the continent from D-Day to V-E Day. The man who has known the pressures and upheavals of combat is changed. The principal factors producing this change are noteworthy in that an understanding of them will lead to a better understanding of the man.

First there was the waiting period. The combatant spent it in England training for D-Day. Rigorous military schemes occupied some of his time. There were times however, when he was not busy. The Army Bureau of Current Affairs and Padre's Hours (Religious Discussion) filled in some of this period. This time of waiting for action has an adverse effect on some, resulting in promiscuity, social crime, drunkenness, venereal disease. For others, it was a time of personal assessment resulting frequently in growth of character.

In the battle period the change-producing factors are definite.

(a) The shock of battle — for months on end men had trained to kill. Each had imagined what the reality of combat would be like. The reality exceeded the wildest imaginings. The roar of battle, the smell of death, the loss of life, the scream of shells, the chatter of small-arms fire, the wounded, the dying, all these left an indelible impression on men who somehow continued to live.

(b) Fear — how often it has been said that every man has known fear in battle. In spite of that fear men have gone on and discharged their duties efficiently. Often trouble results when fear degenerates into terror ; when a man becomes a coward or crawls into a slit-trench and sobs like a child ; or numbed by the

pounding of high explosives he becomes a battle exhaustion case — pale, sweating, shaking, neither seeing nor hearing, no body wounds yet broken, quivering and wincing at the slightest noise. One has only to think of such actions as Caen, Falaise, Leopold Canal, Hochwald Forest, Kusten Canal, to recall the tenseness and expectancy on men's faces. It is no discredit to those with whom that fear degenerated into terror. The effects of fear and terror, nevertheless, cannot be minimized.

(c) Death — no man has ever gone into battle without thinking he was to die. There were some who said. "If I get it, I'll get it. And that's that", reflecting a degree of fatalism. The man with a healthy faith in eternity was, naturally better able to face the fact of impending death. He was also better able to "take" the sometimes violent death of his comrades.

(d) Destruction — from the beaches of Normandy to Germany, men were awed by the absolute destructiveness of modern warfare. The rubble heap of Caen with the rotting bodies of its people; the carnage that was Falaise and Trun; the wreckage of villages on the Rhine; the silence with which men viewed the work of our airforces as they obliterated the industrial areas of Germany, are memories that leave men changed.

(e) The sufferings of humanity had their effect. The civilians caught in the onrush of a swiftly moving campaign; the numbness in their faces, their downright terror; their wanderings over battle-fields in search of home and friend. This depth of indescribable suffering touched even the most callous.

These are the main factors which wrought a change in the man who fought. Because of these, he returns to civilian life made different by things which are almost beyond the comprehension of man since their horror and terribleness are so vast. The person coming from battle-field to campus is changed, nor will the effects of this change ever be erased from his being.

The religion of the combatant

It can be said that war has produced much thought about religion especially by the individual on the battle-line. The soldier who went into battle confident of his faith was a noble man to watch. He had a basis upon which he met the impacts of action solidly. He accepted death as a normal part of life. His being was able to absorb and sort out the soul-shattering experience. He reacted well to the emergencies of the hour. In all, he was a stalwart son of God.

There were not a few who were brought to religion by the pressures of battle. So frightful were some actions that anything was tried in order to discover some way of meeting them. This emergency type of religion did not endure for the most part. Religion vanished with the emergency. There were some, however, who found God permanently on the battle-field. A young Canadian huddled in a slit-trench waiting for the command to attack wrote his thoughts about God on a scrap of paper. He described his search for God in the past weeks of action and his feelings now that he had found Him. He ended with the hope that some day he would meet God. The attack went in at dusk and he met God. His chaplain found the scrap of paper in his tunic pocket as he lifted him from the battle-field for burial. In the battle for the Hochwald Forest, two Canadians burrowed deeper into a shell-hole during a heavy artillery barrage. Hour by hour the shelling grew in intensity. One began to pray. Shrapnel ripped a hole in his comrade's abdomen. After it was bandaged, the wounded man spoke, "I don't know how to pray, sarg. Will you teach me?" The sergeant went over the prayers he knew, phrase by phrase. The wounded man repeated, his face reflecting the peace that grew within.

It was thus men found God. The transformation in a person who discovered God under such conditions

strengthened the faith of all who met them. In a bitter struggle during a dark night, a handful of men lay in the shelter of a Dutch dike. Many had died. Many lay wounded in a minefield. Faces were lit with the flames from a burning village. One spoke with profound conviction. "This is what happens when men forget God." There was silence in the group. After a pause he went on, "How we need Christianity!" Still silence from the others and yet from their faces lit by the flames, one saw the same thoughts. In action men knew God. Faith that was strong became stronger beneath the stress of battle. Even the sceptic, the agnostic, the pseudo-atheist felt the Presence. Often the warmth of God's presence cooled with the absence of danger, death and the holocaust of war. Sometimes the Presence gripped men never to leave again. The prevailing Presence of God stood over battle-fields summoning men to Him.

The present prospects of religion

From this brief sketch of the religion of the combatant, one asks himself what of the prospects of religion now? A frank reply to this question reveals some trends which are not good, or the only good they reveal is the challenge they offer to the Church of Christ. There will be no mass revival as has taken place in the past history of Christianity. Not that the majority disbelieve in the things for which Christianity stands or the Church catholic. There will be no mass revival, artificially induced. There is a prevailing apathy rising from a critical attitude toward the organised Church, from a lack of knowledge of Christianity; from a criticism of the ordained ministry. Coupled with these, the ex-service man is in the grips of a deadening cynicism. He returns to Canada and finds a country unchanged for the most part by the rigours of the war-years. The same old evils remain; greedy grasping for profit, homes broken, patronage and so on. He begins to question: "Was it worth it?"

The hopeful sign that this writer sees is in a wide belief that Christianity is needed. No charter, no international agreement will stand without a firm basis of Christianity. This the returning soldier believes. He will be brought to throw his loyalty on the side of the Kingdom by direct, personal appeal. This appeal must be made by one individual to another. An organised crusade will touch some. The majority, however, will respond only to the individual approach. The onus of these urgent days rests upon the earnest Christian who, from whatever his station or work in society, reaches out consciously to waken the conscience of the veteran as a fellow-workman of Christ. Ask any chaplain of the services, and it will be learned that his most constructive and permanent work for the Kingdom among that large group outside the Church was in the field of man-to-man contact.

For the present at least, the returned man is too pre-occupied with his rehabilitation to civilian life to give the required amount of time to his religion. One cannot say this is always the case, for there are some who do. It is true to the facts of experience to say these are a minute minority. The main emphasis of the Canadian Government has been rehabilitation from a materialistic point of view; aiming to give the ex-service individual material security, overlooking the truth that there is no security unless a person establishes it within himself. The Canadian Chaplain's Service seeks to do its part in giving the ex-soldier his security within by Padre's Hours, religious schools for Christian citizenship and church membership, now in operation on the continent and in England. The chaplains send a letter for every returning soldier to his minister in Canada so that the continuity of religious contact is preserved. Thus a serious attempt is made to assist the veteran in developing his religious life, in rethinking and adjusting himself to the experiences of war, to fit his battle-memories into their proper perspectives, to give him the foundation from which to build an integrated life.

The ex-service man in the university

A significant event in Canadian life at this time is the increasing numbers of ex-service personnel attending university. Every university in Canada reports a large percentage of the total enrolment to be from the services. The reasons for this are many: mainly, the Canadian Government's educational plan, whereby financial assistance is given to the ex-service student; the search for the greater material security that a university degree gives; the knowledge that the university graduate has unlimited opportunities to use capacities in and for society.

It is noteworthy that the ex-service man or woman is working very hard to make use of his opportunity for education. There are, of course, exceptions, but these are rare. The first term of this academic career finds these individuals spending long hours at study, taking very little time off for leisure or other activities. The discipline of the services is being reflected here, in that the veteran is disciplining himself for intensive study.

The Canadian University Campus in this post-war era is different from any other; similar perhaps in some degree to the period following the 1914-1918 war. It is different because of the ex-service student who has come from battle-field to campus. He is pursuing his academic career with much the same vigour that he displayed on the battle-line. He is undertaking his studies with the same disciplined mind and clarity of judgment that he exercised in his campaign life. He is a mature person; older beyond his years because of the memory of battle experiences. His outlook has been widened for he has visited many countries and seen at first hand different modes of living, and weighed the effects of the major world ideologies. In time, he will mould the lessons of these last hideous years into a philosophy of life. It is no easy transition. The men and women of the services are making this transition

with the same greatness of spirit with which they lived and died on the battle-fields of the world. From these will come the leaders of community, national, and world life tomorrow.

II

Will Religion Grip Them ?

DOUGLAS C. CANDY

The most disturbing factor that I faced, as now in the quiet of my study I look in retrospect upon the past war years, was the large number, truly a majority, of good-living normal lads with a reasonable concern for the retention of Christian standards and the extension of Christian principles but in whom there dwelt no dynamic faith, no real consciousness of the reality of God or the divinity of Jesus Christ. And I realise now that they represent a fair cross-section of the "Christian" community of our world. This is not a criticism of the lads of my own battalion or any other unit with whom I served. This is a criticism of our "Christian" world. To hope to establish or re-establish Christian principles without Christ is like trying to take a bath under the drippings of a tree after the rain has stopped. We cannot legislate or institutionalise the Christian principles without some power behind them. The power of the law will operate partially and is necessary under certain circumstances. But do we want the kind of world wherein to have Christian principles we must invoke the threat of force or fear of retribution as a sole eternal power ?

Dynamic or Idealism

Realistically such power has its proper place. We have indeed just finished six years of its employment. It has served a purpose for the preservation of our ideals,

but such a measure is transient and of local usefulness. We are in process of moving, we hope, into a new world, and to attain it and maintain it there must still be a dynamic power. If this new world is to be a world of Christian ideals, righteousness, justice and truth, there can be no other real dynamic than the person of Jesus Christ, in whose life and teaching such ideals are cherished by people today whether Christian in the full sense of the word or not.

I recall Leslie Weatherhead's illustration in his book *In search of a Kingdom*, where he pictures a locomotive with a number of coaches, the last one of which has somehow become uncoupled. To the onlooker it appears as if it is moving on its own power, isolated as it is from the rest of the train. Only those aware of the whole sequence of events realise that such momentum as it has is a derivative factor from the train with which it was once associated, but from which it is now divorced. They realise too that when such energy is spent it will come to a stop, for within itself it contains no locomotion. Much of the humanistic philosophy of life looks good for it is permeated with good Christian idealism. One is prone to say, "Ah, here at last is Christianity in action". But it must be remembered that such Christian idealism is present because of its Christian heritage and Christian environment and not because of any dynamic Christianity within itself. If it remains divorced from the source of its strength and power it is bound to follow in the wake of the uncoupled coach and come to a stop. I do not know of a greater threat to Christianity than such pseudo-Christian idealism. Many Christian people are taken in by it for it has all the marks of Christian endeavour without the responsibilities and discomfort of the Christian faith.

You will recall how when Saint Andrew found the Christ he sought out his brother Simon to share the good news. It is interesting to note that he did not tell Simon of a new philosophy of life or a new method of solving the world's troubles. He did not expound a

new series of principles or ideals. He merely said, "We have found the Messiah" and then he "brought him to Jesus". Without the Christ we seek in vain for the world's redemption. All the Christian principles known to men are useless without the dynamic contact with, and belief in, the Divine Christ.

Combined operations must continue

Ask an ex-service man what stands out most in his mind as a result of his naval, army or air force service and nine times out of ten he will tell you something about the friends and fellowship he experienced. It first came to him in the barracks where his family relationship became a group of thirty men or forty. He was one within a section or platoon, a member of a crew or shared some part of naval life in his land ship. Then the consciousness of relationship grew and he saw himself as a member of the whole ship, the battalion or division, and the wing. And later still his perspective took in the whole fleet, army or air force with all its variety of particular purposes. Operationally, however, his fellowship widened still further. He became part of a combined operation of all services, realising how intimately interwoven and mutually necessary each was to the other. Yes, and not only of his own countrymen but of the navies, armies and air forces of all the allied countries. He was part of a worldwide unit of organisation, a comrade to millions he had never seen and never expected to see, perhaps even some that he did not know existed before.

Such fellowship was brought about by two factors — necessity and desire. The hope of overcoming the enemy and achieving his own particular purpose lay, he knew, in unity, for he saw as never before the gigantic task ahead. His very circumstances had forced him into this position. In the midst of a world conflict isolationism was suicide. But not only did he have to accept this position, he also wanted to. He realised that

others were seeking his goal, that he was not alone in his desire to conquer the enemy and bring victory. He shared a common concern. He was brought into the larger family by necessity but once having seen the larger canvas he wanted that wider fellowship, not only for his own condition but for the welfare of others of like concern.

The war is over now. Victory has been won. We move into another phase of the world struggle, the struggle for peace. The canvas is no smaller and in fact it is our hope that it may grow larger, that those against whom we fought and over whom we won the victory may soon be on our side in force seeking true peace. Unfortunately the urgency of peace is not so demanding as the urgency for victory in the field. Comradeship in war has a powerful cement in its life and death struggle. The war for peace is not so clear-cut. We miss the psychological effect of masses of armies and proximity to the scene of action. There is a danger that we will not catch the sense of necessity and desire in the present struggle. Such danger only makes the issue more important. We must continue to think still in terms of combined operations. Peace is to be won politically, socially, economically and, more important, religiously. Within each sphere and pervading all there must be unity, cooperation, mutual understanding and tolerance. This is a world struggle in the deepest sense. We must think and act in world terms.

A Finnish Soldier's Testimony

MIKKO JUVA

We are still too near those days of desperate fighting in our endless northern woods and wildernesses against mechanised armour and massed artillery for us to see clearly what these years have taught us. It was a time when the men on the front, and the women behind it were filled with only one desire : to give all their strength to serve their country which required so much of them, and was still so precious. Wartime was a time of feelings and passions, and, when these melted away in the world of the trenches and in the roar of the storms of steel, there were left only indifference and dullness, only necessity to which we must surrender ourselves.

But now we know already that this war has taught us something. We have gained a new idea of man's value. It did not matter then whether he was rich or poor, learned or unlearned, very little even whether he was physically tall or short. Only one thing was required : faithfulness. Material, physical, and even intellectual qualities did not count ; moral qualities were the deciding factor. A man was one who gave himself for the cause, for his group, for the lives of his comrades ; one who did not seek after his own interests.

This estimate we former soldiers have taken a further stage. He is a man who dares to give himself for that which he knows to be right. In war time our faith was often tested. We who had lived in the safe atmosphere of a Christian student movement, among Christian friends, had to learn what it is to live among common people to whom God was not always holy and His word

was not a guide for life. Many of us were quite alone without any Christian friend. Then many things collapsed. Pious feelings disappeared; "meeting-Christianity" ended, because there were no meetings. There was no possibility of praying alone with anybody else.

What we learnt

In such a situation we learnt three things: firstly, hold on to your Bible. Faith will not last without regular reading of the Bible. You had to read, even without the inclination to read, you had always to read. And then God began to speak to you again. The reading of the Bible was also witnessing. It was difficult to preach to your comrades, but the reading of the Bible, and a humble spirit, often spoke more than long talks. Secondly, hold on to your fellow-believers among the soldiers. We members of the Student Christian Movement were accustomed to seeking our fellow-Christians to far too great an extent among students. But now we did not have them; there were few students, and they were mostly officers. But a Christian officer had often a Christian boy in his group and between these there was often born a real brotherhood. In my group there were two believing men; a lieutenant and a soldier. We could pray together.

Thirdly, hold on to Christ! One of the most difficult temptations of a soldier lay just here: can I be saved, I who am under the iron law of war, "to kill or to die myself"? There was nothing to appeal to: faith was very weak; you found no help in those around you; you could not love your enemy. But then there was Christ, the only protection. He, who had mercy on the robber on the Cross, He could also have mercy on a fighting and suffering soldier. Amidst such difficulties Christ was our only hope.

In those difficulties we had still another experience. We experienced the fellowship of Christians. The old friends from the Christian student movement remem-

bered one another regularly through a circular letter which once a month brought a greeting to every one of us. Our friendship in Christ held in spite of separation and war. But our circular brought us greetings even from other countries. Some Swedish friends wrote to us. With special interest we read the circular on those occasions when our friends from Norway could greet us. When we met a Christian German soldier we felt a deep fellowship with him. Amidst our own difficulties we realized how the Church of Christ was fighting all over the world. Over all boundaries we are one.

Chinese Students Learn from War

ANDREW T. ROY and KIANG WEN-HAN

Cynics may claim that the only thing we learn from history is that we never learn anything from history, but the fault lies surely with our inattention, not with any absence of lessons or handwriting on the wall. The following are reasonable guesses as to what the war years have taught Christian students in China, though they are not based on any statistical sampling of student opinion.

National confidence and international concern

1. During even the darkest of the war years there was an increasing confidence in ultimate victory. The cumulative effect of defeat, occupation, bombing and inflation continuing month after month, year after year, was terrific, yet people endured and held as tena-

ciously to their patience and sense of humour as to their few belongings. Why? Because of a growing though still partly unconscious belief that there did exist objective truth and righteousness, what Christians know as the righteousness of God, that there were certain laws of life in the universe which could not be violated with impunity, that no matter how temporary axes might lean, the real axis of the universe was gyroscopic and would regain its equilibrium. To this has been added the discovery that a sense of the moral rightness of a cause, though not sufficient of itself unless combined with a huge geographical area, may prove more effective in the long run in a nation's defense and cohesion than military preparedness. Students have found, however, that even with a maintained patriotism and a sense of moral justification for national defense, war does bring a very serious moral deterioration to a nation.

2. There has been little bitterness or hatred toward the Japanese. The Chinese have learned to differentiate between the people and the military rulers. Now there is a desire to see forgiveness and reconstruction in both countries, and a hope that nothing will be done that might prevent neighbors from learning to live together. This last spring the Sino-Japanese Day of prayer for Students took as its text: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us". To this has been added gradually a more discriminating judgment about other people, less lumping all British together as British, much less of a former general anti-foreign attitude. The war has destroyed forever myths of superior races, of some peoples having a special prestige as of divine right. It has undermined any theoretical justification for race prejudice or for imperialism. Chinese students now feel that all nations are made up of good and bad elements, that human nature is very much the same the world around, that men of any nation tend to react badly under undue strain or temptation unless there are internal controls.

Freedom and Democracy

3. Some things formerly taken for granted have been re-discovered and given a new value. Freedom is one. Those coming from occupied to free China have found out what it means to slough off uncertainty and fear of arbitrary and unpredictable forces and be able to breathe and talk and sleep in security again. World community, interdependence across national boundaries, is another. Despite the blockade and virtual isolation of students in West China during the war, student Relief grew and dramatically demonstrated the community of interest and concern among the Universities of the world; speakers from abroad occasionally got in and reached the isolated universities; news from the Federation continued to come; and the Student Christian Movement was more than ever conscious of membership in a worshipping, living, world-wide movement whose faith and will and action could not be broken or stopped even by the tragedy of war. That Christian Community must be strengthened. There must be more conferences like Oxford and Madras and Amsterdam. There is a growing consciousness in China that there is no Christian defense except in attack; that it is of the very nature of evil to grow and propagate and attack; that evil or dissension in Europe or America will affect China, and China's evil and dissension will infect Europe; that there are no national or regional solutions, only postponements; that isolation or blockade or separation of any kind is no solution for any problem, Japan's aggression and the Kuomintang-Communist controversy offering bitter examples. Separation breeds separate thinking and suspicion, whereas problems sooner or later must be faced together. One small but important step in the right direction would be an immediate and widespread international exchange of scholars and students and professors.

4. Students are feeling that Democracy needs definition. Individuals and groups everywhere are using the word with diverse and often private meanings. Chinese students are more than ever committed to the democratic way of life, but some feel that there should be far more Christian study of it and the concept should be given, if not a new baptism, at least confirmation. As the two have more than an accidental historical connection, so they should have now more than a superficial interpretative relation.

Christian cooperation and the discovery of the Church

5. Theologically, the war years have produced less controversy and more joint study and action. Fundamentalist-modernist rancour has become less obvious nationally, Lutherans are participating in interchurch activities, the China Inland Mission is working with a cooperative spirit in isolated Government Universities, Anglican student workers have been cordially loaned to the Y.M.C.A., Roman Catholic and Protestant scholars have worked on a joint Literature production Program for the translating of pre-Reformation classics, and lions and lambs have been inclined to lie down together! Many Christian students felt that their traditional social emphasis was superficial and needed deeper roots; that moral decisions and ideals and youthful enthusiasm for change could not be supported for long without convincing intellectual justifications; that Christians must put the whole of their social program into a wider context — an eternal one. Yet students felt and feel that their interest in social change was sound and the motives right, and that it would be no solution to swing from a social to a theological over-emphasis.

6. Chinese students, though still not as church-conscious as, say, British students, have, nevertheless, discovered in the war years that the Christian Church had far more strength and resiliency and adaptability than

they had thought. They have seen the Church at work in many places and at many things, and have found that it is not just a set of buildings but a national and an international movement. They tend to have more understanding for and sympathy with the weak local church when given the significance of the wider context (wider not only geographically but historically). The hundreds signing cards in the Self-dedication Movement is one evidence that students now realize that the Church's work has a claim not only upon their allegiance but upon their vocational decisions.

Student Relief and Student Service

7. The years have taught us much in the field of Student Relief. At first we planned only for Shanghai, but were forced to expand until it became a huge national program. In spite of inflationary prices, and constant bombing, and transportation difficulties, and the problem of getting functioning committees, and efficient administrators and auditors, in spite of all the headaches and heartaches, new needs kept calling, and opportunities opening, and the generosity of students abroad kept growing, until the program has had tremendous human results. Not only has it provided students with food and clothing and health and fellowship and hope, but it has given many new attitudes toward manual work, new self-reliance through experience in cooperatives and self-help projects, through service projects it has helped many to rediscover the common life of the people and to identify themselves with it, it has led some to dedicate their lives to work with the tribes-people in the mountains, to narcotic addicts, or the service of the Christian Church. We have learned that Relief work needs Christian motivation and concern, but is better separated from direct religious work. It must not be a thing in and for itself, but for a larger aim; yet it cannot be treated as a tool or bait.

8. Students have learned a new humility. In the past students receiving a modern scientific training and all of the new learning were a small, respected and especially protected group. The nation needed them and expected great things from them. The war years have given the students a new perspective with regard to their own value and contribution to the nation. Ivory towers fell in the bombing along with many other structures, and the students ate bitterness with the common people and as refugees discovered that the country was far larger and its problems more complex than they had imagined. In poorly equipped isolated centers they were no longer in the center of the national stream but in eddies along the sides. The flood of the war rushed on without them. They were not even called upon to volunteer or contribute directly to the national struggle until near the end (though, of course, many individual students were in resistance activities from the beginning). At times the nation's apparent unconcern about what students thought or did was depressing or exasperating. But the net result has been healthy. There is less inclination to expect great results from the shouting of slogans or the painting of posters, there is less expectation of leaping into positions of leadership immediately upon graduation, there is less desire to tell farmers what agriculture is, or tired workers what industry is, without first serving apprenticeships. There is a realisation that the taking of notes on many lectures does not equip one immediately to solve all problems, there is more realism about one's own limitations and greater readiness to learn from the people.

A European's¹ Impression of South Africa

DAVID W. BANDEY

A friend of mine, soon after his arrival in China, was asked: "Have you written a book on China yet?" He replied with some surprise that he had only been in the country three months, and was met by the retort: "That's too long. You'll never write one now."

I have been in South Africa more than four years, and I could have written more vividly, fluently and confidently three years ago than I can now. It is impossible to understand any country apart from its history, and the real history of this country is so little known that I ought to begin with a lengthy summary of it. Everything is so confused; nothing is true of more than a small section — at least, nothing important. There are little more than two million people of European descent, yet they are more sharply divided into sections than are the forty-odd million of England. There is uniformity among them far more than among the English in England — not of physique, for almost every European type can be seen in any town, but of speech, culture and habits of thought. Yet there is not unity, because there is no deep comprehensive feeling of loyalty to one great family.

Racial problems

The colour bar is so important and obvious that one cannot understand South Africa until one understands that. To a visiting European it seems unreason-

¹ European in this article means "normally domiciled in Europe".

able, uneconomic and un-Christian. But it has grown out of fears and prejudices which are not completely irrational. The first fear is rooted in history. The Zulu, Basuto and Xhosa wars are recent enough to leave shadows of horror in the families which were affected. To them it is unthinkable that the "Natives" should be allowed power enough to become dangerous again. When a drunken Bantu staggers along the street talking and singing, a European sees only a tipsy labourer, different in colour but not in kind from those he sees every Saturday night at home. But a South African sees a survivor of the beer-drinking, dancing, murdering hordes of Chaka, Dingaan, and the others. I was told once, "A Zulu is one of the best fellows on earth when he's sober, but when he's drunk — he remembers his ancestors"! The second fear, now-a-days more important, is rooted in economics. The standard of living of "Whites" in this country is considerably higher than in Europe, and depends on cheap black labour. Therefore the Bantu must be content with a small wage; therefore his standard of living must remain low; therefore he must not compete for the jobs the white man wants lest he pull down the wage level. Hence arises considerable opposition to "Native" Education — vain long ago, for the "Natives" are being "educated" by pamphlets and orators from whom they learn wants and hopes they never knew before. They are organising strikes, and doing it ably. Wage rates are going up. Only a great increase in efficiency will keep South Africa solvent.

So much for fear; what of prejudice? I use that word carefully, to mean the judging and classifying a man not by observation of his qualities but by an uncriticised conviction held about his "herd". This it is which makes sensitive and intelligent Bantu so unhappy; one said to me that he sometimes wished he had never been educated, because he did not fit in among ignorant and illiterate Bantu and could not be accepted into the company of Europeans who were his

intellectual equals. This tension affects most acutely the students at Fort Hare "Native" University college, and makes them hypersensitive and preoccupied with the injustices and problems of their group, on which they harp to the point of nauseating their hearers. Yet the white man can claim some sympathy. Only a tiny proportion of the Bantu are sufficiently "civilised" to have mutually enjoyable social intercourse with a "White". The "Christian" European ethical outlook which is tacitly assumed among us has penetrated the subconscious of very few Bantu. Their ancient traditions of ensuring obedience by absolute force, of living without planning for tomorrow, and of using falsehood and truth in speech with complete impartiality, are deeply ingrained into them by imitation of parents and relatives long before they are old enough to choose an ethic for themselves. The result is that any white man who wants to meet a Bantu on the level of brotherhood in Christ, or even of their common humanity, has to make a real mental and spiritual effort. Few do. It is so much easier to set "our herd" over against "their herd" and to feel that there is a great gulf fixed. Only long personal acquaintance diminishes the gulf; it is effective on many farms where the white family can speak the native language, and permits real affection between master and man. But that sort of proviso would have to be made in describing any prejudice, and it does not diminish the attitude of prejudice elsewhere.

The tragedy of Christendom

I do not want to write about the division between Afrikaans and English-speaking people, because it is much over-publicised. To the majority of the population it is an anachronism best forgotten, but unfortunately those who cling to it are the most vocal. It is a miserable business, fostered by the flinging of personal insults, ancient reminiscences and Old Testament texts between

fanatical English imperialists and fanatical Afrikaans nationalists. The deepest tragedy is that the section in the Dutch Reformed Church which approves of the division is at present dominant, and has succeeded in withdrawing that body from official membership of the Christian Council of South Africa. Their overt reason was that "White" and "Black" met on an equal footing in that Council, which was abhorrent to them. As it is also abhorrent to an enormous number of South Africans of both language groups, their action was approved.

There we meet the tragedy of Christendom in South Africa. Most Union Nationals really do reject from their thinking the idea of equality whenever it would be applicable to "Black" and "White". It is hard to make Europeans understand what this means; in India some will understand, and in America many. My wife and I aroused strong disapproval among "Christian people" by having to stay with us a vice-President of the Christian Council — a man of outstanding ability and character — because he was black. I came up against an immovable wall when discussing equality of opportunity for children, because it was possible that some black men would rise to have authority over some white men. That idea was so unbearable that the discussion was quashed.

What bearing has this on our Faith? Much, because the saying is true, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all". I have learned that, "Whosoever would follow Christ in all matters except one cannot go with Him at all". It is the Biblical "either... or" in operation. There is grave weakness in the churches in South Africa — a caution, a facing-both-ways, a luke-warmness, a resolute refusal to think new thoughts and act on them. The driving force is not the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth and Giver of Love, joy and peace, but is the Tradition of the Elders, the Spirit of Custom and Giver of safety, sloth and self-satisfaction. *This must be so until men*

are prepared to forgive the historic past, to take social and economic risks in the name of God, and to prize truth above comfort. I have commonly heard the word "Christian" made synonymous with "tolerant, friendly and comforting", and opposed to "religious" which was kept for unpopular dogmas like Sin, Salvation and the Strait Gate.

Dare man believe ?

So much for the lump ; what of the leaven ? For leaven there is in every denomination and movement. The Christian Council, though its last Conference Report seemed to many of us anaemic, does stand firm for the fellowship of all Christians and the truth of the Gospel. Many of the clergy are sincere and courageous ; isolation and overwork are their bugbears, for they can rarely meet in Retreat. They also suffer from a quandary : they are aware, like Niebuhr, that getting too far ahead of the congregation will prevent them from influencing it, but if they do not go ahead they desert their Lord. One step back and they are out of touch with Christ : one step forward and they are out of touch with their congregations. In this country, the social and economic implications of total Christianity are so obvious and so contrary to custom that people *dare not* believe. The S.C.A. is alive and thoughtful, but each section has its own temptation : the English to theoretical liberalism which is not expressed in life, the Afrikaans to sentimental fundamentalism which does not challenge life, and the Bantu to social criticism which is so negative that it despairs of life. One must remember that students here have not the background that is usual in Europe. Many have few contacts outside their own family circle until they go to school, where they reluctantly learn just enough to gain a certificate. Post-matriculation courses are almost unknown, so the average University student is both more childish and more self-satisfied

than his European counterpart. In the small Oxford Groups there is a very deep devotional life and some clear biblical thinking, but their influence — at any rate visibly — affects few people.

It is very important that this country has not passed through the last two wars but has watched them from afar, so that much of 1914 still survives unshattered. Even more significant is the absence of both working-class and aristocracy; the place of the former is taken by the Bantu and the "Coloureds", and of the latter by the mining and trading plutocracy. Thus there is no mutual enrichment of cultures; there is only one culture, that of a middle-class preoccupied with keeping up its standard of living. It would also be a very interesting (though somewhat daring!) task to study the influence of the Bantu on the "Whites"; most children have ignorant and superstitious nurse-maids whom they treat with contempt and obey only perforce, and yet whose *Weltanschauung* they cannot avoid assimilating. For these reasons (and perhaps others — I do not know) the ignorance of Christianity among so-called Christians is appalling; children learn something of it until they are about eleven years old, and thence they, their parents, and the educational authorities consider it a waste of time, so they go through life with an eleven-year-old idea of religion — and naturally they find it inadequate. There is no Theological Faculty in an English-medium University, so the students never meet religion on the same level as their other subjects. In the Afrikaans-medium Universities there are such Faculties, but unfortunately they are uni-denominational. It is, however, hoped to get a Faculty of Theology established at Rhodes University College as soon as a staff can be collected, and this will be an immense help. The S.C.A. does what it can to remedy the situation by open meetings and study circles, but these are "extra-curricular" and get little support from the members of staff, most of whom are by profession agnostic and by practice materialist.

Faith for the future

This article may seem pessimistic ; if so, the writer is on common ground with most who write about South Africa. Problems cry aloud ; solutions are hard to find. Yet it is a country which a man can love. The single culture-level of the "Whites" makes for an easy friendliness ; except in the great towns one quickly becomes intimate with one's few neighbours ; the future is so entirely unpredictable that any man or woman with faith and energy may influence it. "Men and women with faith and energy" — whom does that describe better than the early disciples ? Such men, such women, we need here *urgently*. To farm, to trade, to teach, and to lead wherever they are. Men and women of whom Christ says "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and appointed you that you should go and bring forth fruit".

From Resistance to Reconstruction

SUZANNE DE DIÉTRICH

a Federation Secretary

When I think back to these Combloux days¹ one picture sticks to my mind. It is on the last Sunday. Most delegates are already gone. We are sitting on the great balcony facing the wide circle of snowy mountains and rocky peaks. A young Scotsman in kilts suddenly turns to D... : "I want you to tell me the story of your deportation. You see, it is not on my behalf... I want to tell my friends when I go back to college"... A faint smile plays on D's lips : "What do you want me to tell you ?" "Oh, everything, from the beginning !" And the story starts, so similar to many others, yet poignant because this man who sits there and talks so quietly has gone through it all.

Deportation

"We were at Compiègne. Suddenly orders came that we were to leave two hours later... We hastily packed our few things. The Red Cross gave each of us a parcel of food. But the Germans told us that we should rather hand them over to them because we would find them on arrival and would need them there ; we gave them back, and never saw them again. We were fifteen hundred in that convoy ; sixty died on the way ; we travelled for

¹ The Conference took place at Combloux, the European Student Relief Fund Centre in the French Alps.

four days and got nothing to eat but a cup of coffee on the last day.

"We were packed into cattle wagons meant for 'eight horses or forty men'; we were a hundred and ten in each wagon; we were so pressed we had to stand all the way. As we reached the frontier three men tried to escape from the two last carriages; one succeeded, two were shot. The S.S. stopped the train, took haphazardly twelve men and shot them. Then they took all our clothes (some were allowed to keep their underpants) and heaped them up in the last carriage, forcing all the men in that carriage into the second-but-last; when the men were so pressed together that not one more could enter, the last ones were thrown on top of the others: two hundred and ten men. It is in that wagon that most of the sixty fatal casualties happened. The windows (or holes) were shut and pieces of wood nailed on them. It was March; if it had been summer we would all have died of asphyxia. Even thus, after some time, men became intoxicated by lack of air, and it had the effect that they got a bit mad and started quarrelling and fighting. Those who fainted were soon downtrodden.

"On the fourth day, near the Austrian frontier, we were allowed to get down; some boiling coffee was waiting for us on the platform; we had to swallow it hastily; we stood, still naked, in a file for two hours; our clothes were all heaped up and we were given two minutes to pick up our things; I got two shoes of different sizes, meant for the same foot. And we started again.

"In the evening our train journey came to an end; but we had to walk seven miles; we were so weak that many fell on the way; those who fell were killed. We had only one longing: to reach the barracks and *sleep*. But when we got there we were put, two hundred in dormitories for about forty; six men had to lie on the same mattress; we had to lie on our sides, our heads pressed against the legs of our neighbours. The S.S. hit at us until we were all exactly in line. No sleep for us.

"... After some weeks things were better because many died and we had more space.

"Our work was to carry big stones up a narrow staircase, a hundred and sixty steps, hewn in the rock ; the steps were one to two feet high and the stones weighed twenty-five to thirty kilos ; those who were under punishment had to carry stones of fifty kilos and generally fell under the weight."

The Cross or justice

The dinner bell rang. I didn't get the end of the story. It was told in a dispassionate, matter of fact way. The boy is a communist. A fine, straight character, from all I could see of him.

Many in this Combloux group have gone through similar experiences. And this made the whole setting of the I.S.S.-E.S.R.F.¹ Conference a very peculiar one. Here were people who had paid the price of freedom. They wanted a new society. They wanted *justice*. They claimed to have a realistic outlook on life.

It was not easy, in such a setting, to make the principles of E.S.R.F. and W.S.R. understood and accepted. Should "need" be our only criterion ? Must we not take into account the fact that some had given their lives for the sake of freedom while others had been the jailers and torturers of their fellowmen ? Students in the occupied areas were still deprived of food and lodging ; why should we help the Germans ? Wasn't it beyond our possibilities to "re-educate" the German nation ? That business should be left in the hands of the Allied governments.

A Christian knows on what basis he can turn in all sincerity to his fellow-Christians on the other side ;

¹ I.S.S. = International Student Service, which, along with Pax Romana (the Roman Catholic international student secretariat) and the W.S.C.F., sponsors the European Student Relief Fund which, in turn, is the European section of World Student Relief.

he knows what it means to have the same Lord and to stand under the judgment of His Cross. But what shall he say to the non-Christian? The former lives by the grace of God and tries to act accordingly. The latter thinks in "moral" categories of retributive justice.

* * *

Faith in science and the atom bomb

The fundamental difference of outlook came out clearly as various speakers expounded their philosophy of life. When a French professor of science at the Sorbonne — himself a former deportee — told us that the scientist should not, and could not remain shut up in the ivory tower of so-called disinterested research, but must think in terms of the community science was meant to serve, we agreed with him. But when he went on to proclaim that man was now *the master of matter* and soon would be *the master of his own destiny*, we stood aghast: were we still in 1905 or were we in 1945? Is this reality? Are Federation circles out of touch with it? I had been looking upon such statements as something of the past. But here were students listening with enthusiasm to this profession of faith in science, sharing this disconcertingly optimistic outlook on life...

Two weeks later, the mastery of mankind over matter was to take a definite shape: that of the atomic bomb.

* * *

Communism and Christianity

The Combloux Conference made many of us aware that, on the Continent of Europe at least, two forces, and only two, were left, which really captured the mind and challenged the will-to-action of students: communism and Christianity; Communism being probably by far

the more widespread of the two. These forces have some points in common : a real concern for social justice ; and an awareness that, in the specific realm of university reconstruction, new blood must be infused into the old institution ; that this new blood will come from the working classes, both peasants and workers, and that drastic changes are needed if a new society is to be born.

But at the same time, as soon as we talk seriously — and we have learned at least this, to take each other seriously — we have to face a chasm : the chasm between one whose final authority lies in a Political Party and one whose final authority lies with God, the chasm between the iron law of historical determinism and the divine law of the Cross. We are both bound by an allegiance that we cannot renounce.

At moments we may be tempted to envy the politician's clearcut programme. In a Combloux discussion a communist friend asked me in a quiet, detached tone : "are you Christians all united on a common programme of action for social improvement ? What is your programme ?"

And one left the Conference with a sense of what Berdiaeff once called "*la grandeur du christianisme et la misère des chrétiens*".

* * *

A Christian conference

The CIMADE Conference¹ : a different setting altogether ! instead of the majestic Mont-Blanc and the Aiguilles de Chamonix, the sober lines of the Cévennes Plateau with its pinewoods, its farms, its wide horizon. Here, in this house, German Jews, Spanish Republicans have kept in hiding for years ; from this watch-tower they have looked down upon the road where the "gen-

¹ CIMADE is an inter-movement organisation of French Protestant Youth for work amongst refugees, internees, bombed-out people, etc.

darmerie" might come, and behind it the Gestapo. Have not the students of "Les Roches", one mile down the road, known the horrors of an S.S. raid followed by deportation and death? But here, the "Coteau Fleuri", its old men, its women and children, by some special gift of Providence, have remained safe. And some of them are still there; men and women who have known better days; this man was the head of a big firm; that other a member of government; that other a journalist, a writer, an artist. A group with brains and manifold gifts — feeling useless and getting stale, longing for contacts with the outer world; a fascinating group on the whole.

A Christian team in action

The CIMADE workers came from north, east and south for ten days of study and refreshment, strenuous work and happy fellowship. Bible study in the mornings: a series of lectures in the afternoons on practical problems of evangelism. Most of the teams were attacking new fields of work in the devastated areas; as we talked, the vision grew of what "reconstruction" might mean if a Christian team of qualified men and women really set to work systematically in a village or town and thought through all the concrete problems of a given community in the light of the Word of God. Work among the refugees has not come to an end: a new Home is to be prepared for them soon near Paris. CIMADE teams are at work in the camps of German civilian internees. Among the deportees sent back from the concentration camps in Germany there are a number of foreigners who have to recuperate their strength before they can try to find a job. And there, again, they need help and advice.

The harvest is ripe, but the workers are few! The CIMADE needs young and able men of faith and vision if it is to go ahead; the students who served it during the clandestine period are now in the army or have gone

back to their studies. The shortage of men in France is the most serious problem of the hour, in the Church as well as in all other spheres of life.

An interesting feature of the CIMADE is that it has now become an international team: four Americans and six Swiss have already joined it and soon there will be also two Swedes. The Americans were so concerned not to "impose their views" that they were on the verge of an inferiority complex! But they soon became aware that they were both needed and trusted and their stimulating energy has come to us as a very specific gift of God at the very moment when a wave of weariness seems to sweep over the country and assail those who have stood the strain of these five years.

Listening to the friends from abroad I got a renewed vision of the CIMADE as the "Christian Frontier" in the realm of evangelism!

The Life of resistance and the life of to-day

One evening will remain in many memories: those who had lived through the early period, the "heroic" period of the CIMADE were asked to tell the new comers some of their experiences. We were told how Madeleine Barot, on Christmas Eve 1940, was asked mysteriously by one of the internees behind the barbed wire of the Gurs Concentration Camp for a "quite private interview". "I know you have hired a room yesterday in such a place" he said. (How could he know?) "Please don't go". Madeleine Barot hesitated; the whole thing sounded so queer! She didn't go. The next night the police came to that house and arrested everybody on the charge of making false papers. The man behind the barbed wires was an elder of the "Church in captivity" in the camp, but he was also an agent of the Gestapo!

Or again, we were told how, on a tragic night in Lyons, Madeleine, a Jesuit father and some third person went to a camp where deportations were taking place

and persuaded Jewish parents to sign a paper renouncing their rights to fatherhood. At dawn the parents left for a long voyage and certain death, the children for a safe hiding place.

Or again, we were told how teams of our boys and girls smuggled people over the frontier to safety; how one young pastor having — against his will for the weather was bad — guided an elderly pair, who wouldn't wait any longer, over the mountains, got into a snow-storm; the two people got frozen, he just managed to save his life, and a few weeks later was arrested under the charge of murder and theft; it took months to get his release.

Or again, we heard of an S.C.M. woman student who made up her mind to go with the deportees and spent days travelling with them in their cattle wagon, teaching them songs, cheering them up, until the French police took her out by force to save her life. We heard of the narrow escape of the two other students who finally jumped from a train...

A hard, a dangerous, an adventurous life; and such a fine quality of fellowship! Perhaps the main problem of the young generation in Europe today is that life has suddenly become "normal" — and dull.

THE EDITOR'S TRAVEL DIARY

The Country of the friendly heart

The castles of Sweden, standing out into the blue forest-surrounded lakes, seemed built for romance, and even the church spires, peering over thick hedges of trees, seemed to acknowledge that this was a land of faery in which they were not quite at home. Then the plane wheeled over the islands and channels and bridges of Stockholm, and once again I was in the European city most remote from war. I had brought in my pocket the key of my 1942 hotel room, but Birgit Rodhe, still the eager welcoming foreign secretary of the Swedish movements, thought it scarcely decent of me to assume possession! So I found myself tucked away safely in one of those comfortable Scandinavian hostels, which are so mysteriously associated with a diaconate, or a deaconess — I am never sure which. As usual my plans were thoughtfully outlined for me, and the Swedish leaders introduced me to Andreas Schanke from Norway, who was to be my companion on a three-week trip, and my future colleague. Indeed he had been chosen by all the Nordic movements as their representative on the Federation staff, an opportunity provided by the imaginative generosity of the Lutheran Student Association of America. He soon showed that he had all the enthusiasm for travel and outside contacts which one would expect from a resistance leader who had spent eighteen months in gaol. My difficulty was to move him past the attractive shop windows into the consular offices where we had to get our visas! But I admit that the beauty of Stockholm redeems even the wearisome details of travel, and to someone from a formerly occupied country it must seem like a Caliph's treasure-house.

Yet this unreal world of prosperity hides a friendly heart. When we finally went to Finland, we literally staggered under packages of food, because for some illogical reason the Swedish commissariat had decided that we must remain under its wing while we went to visit its less well-provided neighbours. And gradually in Norway, Denmark and Finland, I pieced together the story of the service of the Swedish movements to students who had come over the frontiers, and to leaders who wished to renew contacts. The students of Uppsala,

Stockholm and Lund all welcomed me to those charming meals from which all sense of "just another speech" is banished, and where the fellowship of the Federation is symbolised and strengthened. At the Stockholm I had on either hand a Swedish woman medical student, who had been working with British soldiers at the Danish frontier to welcome the victims of nazi concentration camps, and a former Czech deportee, now restored to health, who had been a fellow-member of the Federation general committee in 1938. When the students took me to the station, and ran singing along the platform as the night train slipped out, I knew they were not bidding me farewell so much as passing on their sense of comradeship to their contemporaries in less fortunate lands across the frontier.

Out of resistance into the world

In Oslo we were welcomed by students with black caps set jauntily on their heads and the long-corded tassels on their shoulders. Somehow this regalia had achieved a new distinction from having been hidden away in times of dispersion and deportation. A university which reopens in a free world has an unusual chance of asserting its fundamental reasons for existence. I felt in the rather formal bearing of Norwegian students a sense of a grim past not yet forgotten, a present which no one could challenge, and a future which was all their own. Norway had come through the occupation with its old simplicity and an added dignity. National feeling need not be self-conscious in a small nation, for it is the natural extension of the family. And soon I found that the students, amongst whom Andreas Schanke took me, had all taken some part or other, and widely differing parts, in the national resistance. Their stand had been directly taken and called for no heroics. Students who had been in Buchenwald talked as though they had paid a prolonged and rather tedious visit out of the country. On everyone's desk or mantelpiece stood a certain casual photograph of a nameless leader of the underground, hatless and in sports clothes, with a pistol belt over his jacket, receiving the surrender of the fortress of Oslo from the stiffly correct German commander. There were going to be elections in Norway, but no one seemed unduly excited. They had fought for democracy democratically, and now they intended to have it.

In Norway there are two student movements : the one which has been traditionally part of our Federation, and of which the chairman is Pastor Johnson, who played no mean part in the resistance, the other which has had some past associations with the Inter-

Varsity Fellowship, and which is under the all-commanding influence of Professor Hallesby, who stood shoulder to shoulder with Bishop Berggrav at a critical time. Why there should now be two movements defeats the stranger. Relations are friendly, even cordial; no one hints, as so often is sadly the case in similar situations, that the one is less Christian than the other. There just happen to be two traditions, and they seem able to exist side by side in Oslo without stones being thrown, which is partly a tribute to Norwegian tolerance, and partly a failure to get certain issues clear. I fancy that the S.C.M. within the Federation has that independence and a spontaneity, which characterise a really student movement at its best. But, as I met students and graduates whose fathers' names are household words in Norway and beyond, I realised that this movement was above all things rooted in the living Church. What they wanted was news. Norway had been almost completely isolated for so long, even from the fluctuations of warfare, that the knowledge of fellow-Christians had become a dream. So, as we ended our talk of this and that in the loghouse restaurant perched above the city, and watched the lights come out round the fjord, a student said quietly: "Now I feel at the centre of the world". Norway will soon be there again in our Federation, for this is a movement which has no complex problems, which knows its job, and means to get on with it, and which welcomes all the Federation can bring it with a whimsical relish, just because it has been starved so long.

Beauty undestroyed and vigour unabated

To Denmark we dashed in the world's newest and fastest ferry-boat, only a week old on the run. Copenhagen still reigns as a queen in those northern waters, drawing them into her court rather than flaunting on their shores. As my tram wandered round the corners, and over the canal-bridges of the old city, past palaces and ancient warehouses, with the fishing boats still at rest beside the quays, I felt that the spirit of Hans Andersen was smiling down at me and saying: "Did you think their power and arrogance would touch our souls? We have suffered there, but we shall not show you our suffering. It is over. They have gone and we remain." The notable event of Danish life was no longer the liberation but the King's seventy-fifth birthday. There is nothing like a smaller kingdom for giving character to freedom. Let no one suggest that Europe would be more democratic without the three Scandinavian crowns. Here is a people who know how to do business across the

world, and also how to build a glorious modern church in the Grundtvigskirken with humble dwellings planned in beauty around it.

Danes with their bowler hats and their pipes surprise a Briton by their habit of speaking Danish! And their practical plans and careful organisation scarcely leave a loophole for criticism. The S.C.M. is a solid body with several hundred members, who take their responsibilities seriously. I wondered where I could find some human weakness, till I discovered that their chairman Prost N. J. Rald was translating T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land* and acknowledged with a twinkle that he loved it rather than understood it. Then the students came around me and took me off to Regensen, that centuries old college set amidst crowded streets and dominated by a ridiculous observatory tower, which was built for a king to drive his carriage up and view the stars. Here I found the frank and eager discussion, which every Federation secretary loves to meet. I also found that young Danes are in rebellion against their respectability, and wonder how to put some of the abandon of resistance into an S.C.M. programme. I felt they would manage somehow, and I hear they have made a beginning. They will entertain the other Nordic countries next July to a great student conference. They have their eyes outside Denmark, and they, too, are looking forward to rediscovering the Federation.

Suffering unshared but fellowship restored

I was revisiting that restrained and uplifting Romanesque church, the cathedral of Lund in Sweden, and listening to the mediaeval clock play its Christmas tune, while the wise men and the shepherds moved around the maiden and the babe, when I met my first Finnish student on this trip. Amongst the other Nordic students he seemed withdrawn, and I looked away behind his eyes into a region of suffering, in which I knew I had no part. But I thanked God that my old invitation to Finland had stood from 1940 to 1945, and that now at last I could accept it. A few days later, armed with eggs from Denmark, and parcels of good things from Sweden, assembled in the charming way in which intimate friends share their possessions, Andreas Schanke and I were slipping out of Stockholm to visit the other side of the war. Then in the morning we passed through endless islands in a drifting rain until we reached the port of Abo (or Turku, to give it its Finnish name). The tall impassive policemen in their blue coats a little chilled me, but soon I was among the bright-faced members of the Swedish-speaking

S.C.M., who were down to welcome me. On my way back I saw more of Abo and its Academy, its river, its cathedral and its castle; I found the students excellent company, and I slept between paper sheets! But still I was in an atmosphere not unlike that of the other Scandinavian peoples, and had not yet met the Finland which was to draw me by its strangeness.

The journey from Turku to Helsinki is long because the train has to run up inland and back again to avoid a wedge of the country occupied by Russia. That in itself teaches you much about Finland: the patient way in which the wood-burning locomotive goes chugging in the wrong direction, and shunts, and returns to deliver you when it said it would; and the unexpressed resentment of the passengers that it should be so. Finland has lost a war, has accepted the conditions of the victor, and now means to make good without complaining. But do not expect much spontaneous joy in a country, which, while it may have made mistakes, now bears a heavy burden stoically. And yet I found a warmth of greeting, and an affection at parting, which I had only known before in South America. Once a Finn knows you as his friend, he is not too proud to show his friendship, and a handshake means more there than in easier lands. I knew somehow that those I met did believe that I came with a message of brotherly love from fellow-students everywhere in the Federation. I hope and pray that in all our discussions this, the only true point of my going, was never lost.

There were discussions because, though a Finnish visa is easy to get, a Finnish religious examination is not easy to pass! Here is a strong movement with a definite message, and a profound devotional life. But its religion is peculiarly its own and it finds it hard to be ecumenically minded. I have never spoken to a student audience which moved me more than on the Sunday evening in Helsinki. What I should say seemed to matter, as it had never mattered before; and just because there was a spirit of prayer the fact of the universal church became, not a cause to advocate, but a living reality. The Finnish movement has not been represented at a W.S.C.F. General Committee for some years, but it has promised to send delegates to the next meeting. I have every confidence that they will bring to other movements something they need, and take away much with them for their own good, perhaps unexpectedly. As I stood with Archbishop Lehtonen before the altar in the grand old cathedral church of Turku, and as he prayed in the moving words of the English Bible for the World's Student Christian Federation, I found the peace of God coming into my heart in the knowledge that, in spite of all the foolish misunderstandings which men

introduce into His Church, that Church embraces us all. And the Federation is called to assert that claim and to deny the counter-claim that Christians have ever any right to be exclusive.

Lights that never go out

From my high window in Helsinki I looked, in the clear October sunlight, across the church-towers of the city southwards to the sea. Beyond the Baltic lay those lands with other movements which I longed to visit and could not. The traveller in the Northern countries cannot forget that it is easier for him to communicate with Shanghai or with Sydney than with Riga and Tallinn. This is perhaps not the place for political discussions, but it is hard to understand why the Russians, who are so correct in their behaviour in Finland, and so oncoming in world youth meetings, should keep us from contacts which meant so much to our common fellowship. Suffering has come to many homes and many groups where the Universal Day of Prayer for Students is never forgotten. Of that suffering and that loyalty there would be no wisdom in saying all we know. As I crossed to Stockholm, I travelled with two sailor-like men, who turned out to be in charge of the Finnish lighthouse service. I was given a message to the head of the Northern Lights in Edinburgh, and another message I shall not easily forget. "You are in the same service as we are", said one of them. "Our job and yours is to tend the leading lights and the lesser lights that men may not be shipwrecked but be saved." There are leading lights and lesser lights amongst the movements in our Federation. The lesser lights may not be visible at a great distance, and some of them are never visited, but one knows that they never go out.

R. C. M.

A CZECHOSLOVAKIAN TRAVEL DIARY

Czechoslovakia!... a name which for long had roused a very special echo in my mind! And now, when I left Geneva on the afternoon of November 13th, I was doing something more than just travelling to Paris and Prague; it was the first time since the war, that I had started on a real journey outside Switzerland! I felt as if I were setting out to discover the world — just like a child who goes out to meet adventure on an unknown road with joy and pride in the thought that he is going to see with his own eyes the marvels of which grown up people have so often talked in his hearing. Paris, Bohemia, the aeroplane, all of these were words of enchantment soon to pass from the world of dreams into reality. Actually nothing much happened before Paris: the usual crowd in the trains, babies and dogs trying to drown each other's cries and barks, customs formalities at Bellegarde, where the official responsible for me tore the lining of my jacket to be sure no banknotes were hidden; finally long hours in a compartment with time to get to know my travelling-companions.

A Glimpse at Paris

Seven o'clock in the morning of the 14th of November. We are in Paris. Shall I ever find my way? Following the crowd I reach the entrance to the Metro where the clearness of the indications gives me an agreeable surprise. I can't possibly lose myself. Only the moving and pushing crowd about me does stupefy me for a moment and I have an almost guilty feeling because I am looking round me instead of plunging into the corridors. But soon I shall be acting like them; I shall need to run from one arrondissement to another in search of plane tickets and all kinds of information. What a pity I have to travel so many miles underground! I shall need to see Paris another time.

In the meantime I find such a welcome and delightful resting-place in rue Guy de Maupassant, at the home of Violette Mouchon and Madeleine Barot — the headquarters of so many friends —

that I am almost sorry to leave it on the morning of the 15th for Air France. But the sky is cloudy, and after a wait of four hours we are sent away in the hope of departure the next day. This stroke of ill-luck is really one of good fortune since it allows me to attend the opening service and meeting of the Paris S.C.M. My first contact with this S.C.M. was somewhat comical. On that evening, as on many others, the capital was plunged in all but complete blackness through a failure of electricity. Naively armed with my map of Paris I came out of the Metro, which is illuminated, and found myself somewhere or other on a boulevard in the dark. My map was no use at all! But happily after some hesitations I arrived almost by chance at rue Jean-de-Beauvais, and followed the sound of hymn-singing to a Roumanian Orthodox church, where the minister was conducting the service by the miserable light of a candle. After the service the students betook themselves all together to the S.C.M. rooms for their usual form of meeting, followed by myself wondering if I was fated always to attend meetings without being able to see my companions or to introduce myself. Happily after some time the light condescended to return and I could discern the faces of the young people whose discussion I had listened to with such interest.

Above the clouds to Prague

On the next day, the 16th, the weather was glorious, and we were able to leave le Bourget in a military plane, rising towards a blue sky in brilliant sunshine. The plain of France lay below us, the fields of grass and of ploughed land bordered with frosted trees. Later we saw on the horizon the silver line of the Vosges rising above the clouds, and we rapidly approached them and crossed them on the level of their white snowcap. Thus I realised one of my favourite dreams as a child — that of sitting or bouncing on the clouds with a glance every now and then down to earth through one of the blue windows of the sky. Then we made straight for Strasbourg and landed on a very bumpy field. After half an hour's stop here, and certain formalities, we were off again on the second stage of our journey which only differed from the first in that the weather was from time to time cloudy and cold, so that we finally arrived at Prague completely frozen. It was not reassuring to descend into a positive cemetery of destroyed aeroplanes, with our own machine spurting flames from the left engine. However all ended well and we — i. e. Yves Gouiffès, the Catholic delegate of the French W.S.R. Committee and I — were speedily welcomed in a most cordial fashion

by a group of Czech students who offered us hot drinks. Here we met the French delegation which had arrived half an hour before us, and began on the spot to play our part as delegates to the "World Youth Congress".

A royal welcome in an enchanted city

We were treated as personages of importance, and were the object of every kind of courtesy; we were besieged by photographers and welcomed everywhere. Buses took us to the Union of Students and we found the city gay with flags and with notices which said: "Vivat congressus". The great Wenceslaus Square and National Street had taken great pains to put up coloured signs, and the shop windows were carefully arranged and with attractive results. After Paris, so dull and gloomy, we felt we had come to a fairyland of before the war. And yet!... Everything had been arranged to give us a royal welcome; we stayed in the best hotels, had our meals in a special building and on rations three times as large as the rest of the population, and had motor cars put at our disposal. The Government did honour to its guests. And indeed the World Youth Congress held in Prague was a national event, the symbol of the country's liberation and of the renewal of relations with the outside world. What a surprise awaited us in the welcome we got from the people themselves: young girls in national costume, boy-scouts, men and women of all ages. Throughout the eight days of the Congress we were overwhelmed by patriotic demonstrations and all manner of invitations: receptions by the Lord Mayor of the city, by the government, by President Benes at the Hradcany castle, operas, concerts, etc. It was impossible, with the best will in the world, to go everywhere. Besides that was not my ambition; the fairytale had its charm, but it was much more interesting and appealing to get to know the country by going in and out among the people, visiting individuals, and talking with them about their real life; and in their company discovering the true charm of their city. It was thanks to our friends in the S.C.M. there, who had welcomed me so touchingly, that when the moment came for me to leave Prague I felt my heart torn in two.

Prague! a city of poetry and charm, where white stone alternates with black, and Gothic monuments of delicate design stand side by side with buildings of Baroque style, and yet the eye is not offended. Is it perhaps due to the effect of contrasting colours, the Gothic being usually black and the Baroque white? A city that is domi-

nated by the incomparable mass of the Hradcany palace around the great square, where the ancient cathedral rises in majesty, and winding little lanes lead to the celebrated Charles Bridge. City above all of statues. All along the bridge or adorning other monuments they stand out in the night, mysterious dark shapes against the sky. Enchanted city! I shall forget the red tramcars with people hanging on like clusters of grapes, and only mention in closing the flower-market and the old towers and old churches. The native-land of John Hus certainly had at least the desire to welcome its guests worthily according to Reformed tradition. There were two Sunday services in English in St. Martin's Church on the Sundays, and a reception at the Hus House, where I met many former and present members of the S.C.M.

My contacts with the S.C.M. were very happy. The Akademicka Y.M.C.A. began its activity again in June and now holds a weekly meeting. In October they organised a week-end retreat near Prague which was a great success. (André Dumas of France was there.) The main subjects of study have been mainly of a national character: (national and church traditions, Masaryk, present-day problems, etc.), although they also studied the spiritual reconstruction of the world. They have not yet dealt with the central questions of the Christian faith or Bible Study, although they admit there is an increasing interest in the Church and the Bible. They are planning a study circle on "God's Word and Modern Man" to be led by Professor Soucek. They are also deeply anxious for material of all kinds from other movements.

Triumphal progress and destruction

However, on Sunday the 25th we climbed into our special train, the objects of more astonishing ovations than ever. (At one moment I arrived alone at the station, and seeing the enthusiasm of the crowd I looked around to find President Benes, only to discover that the acclamations were all for me!) National costumes, orchestra, everything was there to wish a happy journey. And then our train got slowly into motion to carry us across the plains and the hills of Bohemia and Moravia. A melancholy countryside, black earth, rather grey weather, yet all with a kind of wild charm. We rolled along slowly, carefully crossing the broken bridges, passing through wrecked stations, seeing often truck after truck that was nothing but a twisted carcass. But at every station where we stopped an eager crowd awaited us, climbing even on the roofs of the other trains to see us and hail us with the cry "Nasdar!". The local band played

popular airs, and then we descended from our coaches and danced to their music. S.C.M. folk from Africa, Indonesia, Britain and Czechoslovakia were the life and the soul of the party. In some places the good-will of the people went even the length of sacrifice, and they distributed food and hot drinks among us.

But this was all nothing to what awaited us at Brno. Here the crowd that met us was so wildly excited and hemmed us in so closely on every hand that some of us were even lifted off the ground. In the evening we had to speak to them from a balcony. Beneath its bombed-out houses Brno has clearly suffered much more than Prague, where only the Hôtel de Ville and the street leading to it were seriously damaged. It is at Brno that I first had a ghastly picture of entire streets where empty shells of houses stood outlined against the sky and where yet by some unaccountable miracle every here and there a lighted window bore witness to a human habitation.

Thirty-six hours later we started out once more at dawn. All my time in Brno had been given up to S.C.M. contacts, for the group there is also reorganising its life, and gave me an opportunity of talking to them about wider contacts in the student body. Our next stop was Zlin, the town of the Bata works, then Lutacovica, a mountain spa at which we arrived towards evening in snow and cold. Here we had one of our most picturesque programmes, popular dances in costume to the sound of a tzigane orchestra; it was all enchanting, music, colours and everything, and I understood the legitimate pride of Franču, the chairman of the S.C.M. when he saw my enthusiasm. However we had to tear ourselves away from this magical scene, and next day take the train once more for Bratislava. By this time I was beginning to feel extremely tired, so I avoided all official demonstrations and went to bed almost immediately on arrival, after first planning my time-table for the next day. In the morning, which was brilliantly fine, we visited student centres, big buildings for 500 or 1000 students, situated most beautifully on the bank of the Danube or in the country, and which are still being repaired or built. In the afternoon came a visit to the Lutheran Bishop, Dr. Osuski, and to the general secretary of Protestant Slovak Youth. Once more I had to leave a city without really making its acquaintance through lack of time, but not without observing that it was even more damaged than Brno.

High in the mountains

Our last goal before leaving was Strbske Pless in the High Tatras. A twelve-hour journey brought us into the very heart of

the mountains. The snow creaked beneath our feet and the air was sharp. We had a marvellous four-hour walk on the fresh snow to climb to a little frozen lake 1800 metres up, and here I could imagine myself among our own Alps, had it not been for the tracks of bears, which reminded me delicately that we were traversing the Carpathians!

On Sunday morning December 2nd, Franču and another Czech, an Anglican British S.C.M. member and I all decided to go to church in the nearest village. The Anglican elected to go to mass, while I followed the other two into a Lutheran service in a little mountain-church, where all the men and women wore national dress and made a most picturesque scene. I was able to follow the readings in my Bible as my friends pointed them out while the rest of the congregation listened to the pastor. The entire liturgy was read and chanted in Old Czech while the sermon was in Slovak. In spite of the strangeness of the rite and of the tongue I had a sense of belonging to that community of highland church-folk, so different from my own people and yet so near them. In this way my journey into Slovakia ended on a very fine note.

Through Sadness to joy

For indeed it was an end! We left that same evening and took the twenty-four hour journey back to Prague for one last night before I left in the motor-car that was to take me home to Switzerland. This time it was no triumphal passage, but a slow crossing of Bohemia and South Germany in a snowstorm. Destruction everywhere; tired, drawn faces which no enthusiasm could kindle even for a moment; all so different from Prague and the other places we had visited. This was an atmosphere not of festival but of war. Munich is nothing but a heap of ruins, among which we took an hour's walk without understanding what we saw. Then on once more with conflicting thoughts in our minds, thoughts of sadness and joy and of gratitude. And it is the last note that was predominant when we crossed the frontier at St. Margrethen. And here the child who had set out to discover the world came back to her own country, enriched by a whole treasure-house of experiences.

MARIE-JEANNE DE HALLER.

THE STUDENT WORLD CHRONICLE

Call for the Observance of the Universal Day of Prayer for Students

Sunday, 17th February 1946

"Some trust in chariots, and some in horses ; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

Psalm xx. 7.

As we look back over the years of political persecution and of the horrors of war, many of us must confess that those were years of our deepest religious experience. Many who came into the hands of the Gestapo knew situations in which none of our intellectual abilities, our strength of will or other qualities, on which we relied in normal times, were of any use to us. But it was exactly in such hopeless situations that we felt most keenly the hand of God upon us, and the experience of the psalmist became our own certainty: "But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me ; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head" (Ps. iii. 3). "God is our refuge and strength" (Ps. xlvi. 1). This was such a deep experience that it escapes formulation in words. Amidst so much suffering and despair many were given this joy in God's grace.

Would it not be natural to expect that these experiences, buried under all the horrors of war, would now break forth into a mighty hymn of praise to the Lord our God ? Should not all of us who remain alive be witnesses to the greatness and the glory of God ? Yet in all the appraisals of accomplishments in war we hear only the praise of human abilities and virtues. The recognition of God in all His greatness, love and grace seems to be limited solely to the personal relationship between man and His Master. Will not also nations, states and classes be willing to recognise that the Lord is a great King over all the earth, and that His dominion extends over every nation ? We must ask Him again and again to give us by His grace the gifts of

courage and perseverance for the task of proclaiming His sovereignty over all.

We are still confronted with the results of war-hatred, fear, and general distrust of one another and of the future; and we feel that we do not have the power to create a new earth. We cannot even change ourselves, so that we can become new men and women. We must confess that as Christians, who ought to be the salt of the earth, we have failed, and so we share in the responsibility for the war. We have lost the sense of Christian fellowship, and of our duty in relation to the world, as we have valued more highly our membership in the state, in the nation or class, than our citizenship in the Kingdom of God.

Though we know our own weakness and insufficiency we also know that our Master is strong and of great power. Though by ourselves we cannot accomplish anything we know that we have an ally for whom everything is possible. And if for Him everything is possible then it is also possible for us in His name. We are united with Him by faith, and we have the possibility through prayer, not only of entering into contact with Him, but also of asking and receiving His help and guidance whenever we need them.

Therefore we should not be afraid of the clouds which are still on the horizon. Let us renew our struggle against every evil in us and around us; let us more eagerly proclaim the glad gospel and through that gospel extend the Kingdom of light and love.

The Officers of the World's Student Christian Federation.

Christians and the Liberal University

I

The Christian Challenge

*The substance of an address given to the Combloux
Conference of the European Student Relief Fund and
International Student Service, July 1945*

The University is by tradition a school for forming the mind. It is of its nature to produce certain qualities; it develops a taste for truth, to be loved and sought for its own sake, and with it a concern for objectivity, which can protect this search

from the emotions of the moment. And, indeed, this objectivity is more than ever necessary today.

The so-called Liberal University has been much on trial, and not without reason. But let us in the first place recognise what we owe to the university of yesterday. We learnt there what freedom of thought means; and in many cases it was an admirable school of intellectual integrity. Whether we are students of science, of literature, or of law, we have all known men who were inspired by a real passion for their subject. They put an abiding stamp upon our minds, and we owe them something of what is best in us. The love of truth which inspired some particular teacher we had, and still inspires many another, set them apart from and above all cliques, all national and racial barriers. Nor did this universalism of theirs mean that their knowledge was "disembodied", unrelated to the concrete realities of existence.

There are pure joys of the mind, after all, which are among the best gifts our Creator has given us. And it would be terrible if, under the pretext of immediate utility, we lost the sense of that value, both intellectual and spiritual, which lies in the intense search after truth in whatever domain. Let us come straight to the point. A world in which such joys were considered a luxury would be an impoverished world, since man does not live by bread alone. What we expect of the university of tomorrow is that a far greater number of men should have access to these joys of the mind. Do not let us lower university studies to a merely technical level.

A critique of the Liberal University

A number of our speakers have already commented on certain aspects of the Liberal University. They have emphasised its bourgeois character, the fact that it had become set like the class from which it sprang, and that it was cut off from the living springs of national community life. We are agreed that new blood is needed in that old university body, and that the new blood must flow in from the sources which are to-day most alive, from the workers and peasants. In other words, one of the conditions of its renewal is a broadening of its field of recruitment. But this sociological explanation of the bankruptcy of the university is not in my opinion adequate. We must also recognise that this bourgeois university of the 19th and the beginning of

the 20th centuries has been pouring more and more of itself into rationalism on the one hand and individualism on the other. It has made a wrong use of the analytical method, with the result that it has produced "isolated subjects studied by isolated individuals". Men no longer care to arrive at a unified conception of truth, a total view of existence. According to Dr Temple, the university has become: "a place for pursuing a multitude of studies which have no relation to each other, except that they happen at the same time and in the same place".

No such thing as a real university now exists. In a paper presented at the "Luxemburg Discussions", which were organised in May 1938 by the *Comité d'Entente des Associations Internationales d'Etudiants*, the French delegate, M. Merleau-Ponty, spoke in the following words: "I shall define a community briefly as a group of individuals who establish among the different members or classes of members a certain kind of basic relationship which is its very own. The individuals in the group bear certain characteristic values and are both conscious of so doing and conscious of having to preserve them, besides being conscious of having their special task to accomplish within a larger community. Having laid down this axiom, I mean to show at the outset that neither the University of Paris nor any of its component faculties answer in the very least degree to such a definition.

"One has only to walk as far as the Sorbonne to be convinced of this fact. That ancient building which shelters the Faculty of Arts, and the Faculty of Science of the University, is open to all who come. You may penetrate to any corner, walk about, even attend the lectures, without anyone paying the least attention to you. The corridors are a kind of street which have the advantage of being sheltered from the rain, the court is a public square which anyone may enter. Nobody knows anyone else; or rather everyone knows everyone else, in the way in which people do know each other from meeting every morning on the bus at the same hour. Nothing in these precincts suggests that they harbour a real community, shut in on itself and proud of itself. Nor is this appearance deceptive. The organisation and functioning of the instruction at the Sorbonne and its general spirit, in so far as spirit exists, correspond perfectly. The instruction is as specialised as it can possibly be. Each professor gives a course of lectures every year on a very restricted subject, and for the rest the student is left to himself. Most frequently he does not even attend the lectures but works alone. He meets his professors on the examination day, and occasionally he has

read their books. And so students and professors, in a vast majority of cases, are wholly ignorant of each other."

M. Merleau-Ponty's conclusion is, however, less negative than this opening leads one to expect. He approves of this "freedom of passage" of the modern University. "This complete absence of inner cohesion which characterises the French University is not without its advantages. As no sort of common mind unites its members, liberty is complete. Every type of idea, opinion, feeling and temperament may be and are represented there. There is no kind of pressure on the intellectual life of the students. Only certain currents of thought predominate, as is inevitable. But it is open to anyone to rise in revolt against them. Conformity is all but banned..."

The student of today can no longer be content with this pleasant individualism which at the bottom is a trifle cynical. He is looking for real community of life and of work. But on what basis can he find it? The University offers him a technique, sets before him an accumulation of facts; but sheds no light upon the ultimate direction of these facts, on the direction of the world in which he lives, or on the direction of his own life.

A spiritual unrest

Here then I come to what is for me the centre of the problem. The unrest which today is manifested among students, with regard to the prevailing university system, is essentially a spiritual unrest. They have expected a decisive orientation from their studies: they would like the university to mould them for the life work which will be or ought to be their own. But it leaves them to find their own way. It has no final answer to give them. They have been seeking a *raison d'être*, and the University gives them a technique and a possibility of earning their living.

This unrest in the university does not belong to its true nature. It is only an aspect of the crisis through which our western civilisation is passing. We have lost our direction in life. The crisis in the University reveals, on the intellectual plane, the deep-seated unrest of a generation which is seeking its *raison d'être* and has either not yet found it or cannot find it any more. What is the remedy for this unrest? Once more, I do not think that we shall find it in the mere reform of a curriculum, nor yet, although such reforms have a real value, in changes to the structure, which will allow of more effective

collaboration between professors and students and of the reconstitution of that *civitas academica* which we are beginning to understand and to recognise as a necessity.

Two groups with remedies

The deep-seated unrest of this generation is a metaphysical unrest. It has to do with the meaning of life, the meaning of history and the meaning of the world. I know of only two groups which think they hold the remedy for the ills of today. These two groups take their stand on different platforms but have none the less certain points in common. I am referring to the political action groups and to the Christians.

There is an *élite* of students today who are fired with a passion for social justice. It is usually towards communism that such students turn. Communism offers them a clear philosophy, an interpretation of history and a programme; above all, it proposes an immediate aim and end. Communists and Christians have this in common: that they possess a *total*, integrated conception of the world and of life; and that they exact from the individual the complete surrender of himself to the cause he embraces. But in the very measure in which they take each other seriously, they will soon have to recognise opposition between their two basic positions. This need not prevent them from meeting on the plane of concrete social action, even if on this plane a choice of method will quickly face them.

It is not my mission here to set forth the communist conception of the University of tomorrow; others have done that and will do it again. But I will try to sketch briefly the Christian position with regard to the reconstruction of the University. From the numerical point of view the influence of Christians in the University of to-day may seem slight. The University of the Middle Ages might lay claim to a Christian tradition, but that of today is unquestionably to a very large extent detached from any positive faith. And yet for the last two or three decades we have been watching a spiritual renewal which has been greatly influenced by Christianity. I think, in the French University scene, of Boutroux, Poincaré, Bergson, of the clearly affirmed Catholicism of Blondel or Gilson, of the influence of Jacques Maritain who has become the master and director of many young Catholics throughout the world. On the Protestant side I think of Karl Barth and Reinhold Niebuhr.

The total character of the Christian challenge

Totalitarian ideologies have forced Christians to become more clearly aware of the absolute nature of their own faith. Against neo-paganism they have had to set up the Christian absolute ; in particular they have had to think out the implications of the Christian faith on the political and social plane. To be sure we did not wait for the coming of nazism to raise the question. The history of the World's Student Christian Federation, which stretches back now over half a century, shows our Movements facing boldly all the burning questions of the day, whether race problems or national antagonisms, the colour-bar in the United States, the relations of Britain and India, the Jewish question, etc. But the theological renewal of these past years has considerably helped our students to a consciousness of the total character of the Christian challenge ; has helped them to think, as Christians, of their political obligations and their social vocation ; and finally, to rethink from a Christian point of view the whole problem of the university.

This last question has taken a first place in the preoccupations of many of our national movements. For example, in the occupied countries, many students have been asking themselves why the university, *as an institution*, was unable to offer a firmer resistance to nazi control. Could it not have protested officially, at the risk of being suppressed, against measures which were contrary to all its traditions, as for example the exclusion of Jewish professors ? (There were courageous universities ; Brussels, Leiden, etc.) If the universities destroyed themselves is it not because they had lost the sense of mission ? In Holland such reflections as these have started a new effort of thought about the course or the methods by which a *Civitas academica* worthy of the name may be restored. But more than this is required ; a common basis has once more to be found. Our Dutch friends have thought to find it in the humanist-Christian tradition which underlies our western civilisation.

The specific task of the Christian in this intellectual effort towards university reconstruction must be to think and formulate his own position. Christian thought has not wholly escaped the abuses of the analytical method or of excessive individualism, particularly in the Reformed Church. It is for that reason that we are now witnessing a vigorous theological renewal which emphasises the *total* character of Christian revelation. Religion

is not a "private affair", as was once maintained, nor simply a question of personal salvation. The plan of God's salvation embraces the world and His jurisdiction extends to every domain of life. For the Christian there can be no part of life that is "self-governed"; he will, for example, be compelled to reject the law which is called "positive", for God alone is for him the source of all justice, and all morality, and there can be no law which is not based on an ethical foundation. It is to discover this integrated view of the universe and of knowledge that many Christian circles are working today.

The Christian stand in the University

Does this mean that we have dreams of a new Middle Ages, of a university built upon a common philosophy? No, we do not want a controlled university; nor do we want to put the university into a strait-jacket of theology any more than we want to have it in a strait-jacket of politics or any other ideology. We want the university to have a free and live atmosphere where all the living forms of thought have a right of entrance and can face up to one another loyally. We want the university of tomorrow to preserve from the Middle Ages its sense of the universal; from the Liberal University its respect for free thought; while at the same time acquiring that sense of the community, of work in a team and of social responsibility which is the positive contribution today of the young Soviet University. Is that to try to reconcile irreconcilables? I venture to hope it is not.

The Christian demands of his companions of every way of thought that they do not shut themselves off in a fictitious neutrality but recognise that they themselves are basing their attitude on certain philosophical, sociological or metaphysical foundations; and he asks of them the freedom to declare his own attitude. Under nazi control, Christian and communist students fought side by side against the common foe. In the period of reconstruction which is now beginning, that unity will doubtless prove more difficult to maintain.

The political duty of the Christian is at once dictated and conditioned by his faith. Christ is the Lord of our lives. That is why in the last analysis our marching orders can never come from Potsdam or San Francisco, any more than they can come from Moscow, London or Washington, but only from Him who

is King of the Kings of the earth. That is the assurance which makes us splendidly free before the powers of this world in the measure in which we are loyal to our faith. Above these powers there is God, God who holds the helm of the world, and to Whom all great ones of the earth must one day render account.

The Christian is bound in his decisions by the Master Whom he serves. In any serious question like the forgiveness of enemies, he cannot forget that the Son of God was crucified for the salvation of those very men who crucified Him. On that day a decisive change took place in the world. We are bound by His act and because of it; we know that nothing durable can be built on hate. We cannot ask non-Christians to follow us on to this ground; but we do ask them to understand that we cannot take our stand on any other ground without renouncing our faith. We do not, to be sure, deny the claims and the necessity of a human justice which must pursue its course; the Gospel recognises it also. But at the same time we know that the decisive victory over the forces of evil and of death belongs to love alone. This is not sentimental piety on our part but obedience to a revealed truth — the central truth of our faith. For us to receive that, both Incarnation and Cross were needed.

One last word. I know everything that is to be said about the social bankruptcy of Christianity; about its weaknesses, and its betrayals. The Russian philosopher Berdiaeff has written forceful pages about the greatness of Christianity and the wretchedness of Christians. We are but men, and miserable men at that; but we are men who know one thing, that God leads us and holds us fast. If we had been faithful to the Gospel, there would be no need today for a communist revolution. The social revolution would have taken place long ago.

But empires pass away, and so do ideologies; nazism, which believed it would establish the millenium, is already a thing of yesterday. Communism too, as a system, will be but a stage in human evolution. But for God, a thousand years are as one day, His truth is eternal. It is this reality of the eternal which Christian groups have a mission to recall to the University of today and to incarnate in it. If this reality were to disappear and the earth were to become a paradise of technology, soon there would descend upon it a sadness as of death.

SUZANNE DE DIÉTRICH.

II

The Christian's Duty

*The substance of an address given to the North of England
Conference of the S.C.M. of Great Britain and Ireland,
September, 1945.*

There are many wide and obvious differences among the universities and colleges of Great Britain. Some are ancient religious foundations and some are modern and secular. But the things which they have in common are more important than their differences. They are all British, all are existing in the twentieth century, all are manifestations of the same contemporary situations. They are all in a country which became civilised under the influence of the Church and where that civilisation, particularly on its technical side, has grown away from the control of the Church, has, in fact, become so complicated, that no one can see it as a whole or tell where it is going. But as yet, this country has never explicitly repudiated its Christian heritage. Even if a university like Liverpool, for example, officially bans religion as a subject for thought, it has never organised itself round any other all-inclusive idea. The British university or college is still a place where it is possible for Christians to breathe. You would soon know the difference if you had been students in an institution controlled by nazis, or if you were now in one controlled by marxists.

The Church has also sometimes attempted to dictate the conclusions to which scholars were to be allowed to come in their own subjects. One famous occasion on which this was tried in Oxford was the controversy between Bishop Wilberforce and T. H. Huxley on the theory of evolution¹. It was partly fear of this kind of ecclesiastical dictation which led to the secular foundations from London University onwards.

The Liberal Tradition

This conviction that thought must be free is not simply a negative thing marking the decay of Christian faith. It is a positive determination to assert the supremacy of reason in its

¹ Described in CHARLES RAVEN'S *Science, Religion and the Future*, p. 41.

own realm. We owe it in the first place to the Greeks, e. g. to the determination of Socrates to follow wherever the argument might lead. It has had its own martyrs from that time to this ; it has been the inspiration of almost all real scholarship ; and again and again it has been reasserted against the reactionary authorities of the Church with the force of a gospel. It is still a living faith, as any government would discover which tried to dictate the interpretation of history which historians might come to ; as any rich man would discover who tried to found a Chair for the propagation of any particular view. We hope and believe the universities of this country, like so many of those on the Continent, would sooner have been destroyed than submit to dictation from the outside.

If this is liberalism, a university which is worthy of the name must always be liberal. It will pay the price of being confused, but without this faith it will die.

By being matriculated you join a community of learning. When you are at school the master's prime interest is in teaching you : at the university the teacher's interest is in his subject. Of course, he is interested in you too, he wants you to make the best of yourself and to be interested in what interests him so much, but if you are not interested he will not force you, he will merely lose interest in you altogether. He will not compel you to work, he will, at the worst, merely ask you to make room for someone else. He does not want you to take what he says because he says it. He would rather you disagreed with him for a good reason than agreed with him for a bad one, such as laziness, timidity or a sheeplike nature. University teachers are always disagreeing with one another in word and in print. They do not regard each other as outside the pale for holding wrong views. The only people who are outside the pale are those who will not think or who use unfair means to establish their point. All this is easier to see if you are a student of art concerned, for instance, with appreciation of literature or making historical judgments. But science at the university level is not just an accumulation of textbook information ; it includes the acquiring of skill in doing and finding things for yourself and the same principle holds there, too.

But no university or college is only a fellowship of scholars old and young, devoted to the pursuit of truth. It is also a training institution, supported by society, which turns out people trained in various ways for which society has a use. No college has, as a matter of fact, ever been anything else except by disast-

rous accident, as when in the 1930s the colleges turned out graduates for whose gifts there was no demand. There is nothing to be ashamed of in the fact that you have gone to college in order to be fitted to earn your own living (in fact, to learn a trade) and it is part of your business to become competent. There is, however, a tension (the word seems unavoidable nowadays) between the two sides of a university's purpose. There is always the possibility that robots would be more acceptable to society than people who can think, and "yes-men" than people who have views of their own. (I do not think, there is any great difference between the capitalist and socialist society in respect of this danger.) At all events it is part of your job to ensure that whatever society seems to want it does not get a robot in you ; and I do not think that in most of your colleges you will find that you are kicking against the pricks.

The Christian Judgment

I now want to ask two questions :

- 1) What is the judgment of the Christian on this strange, not quite un-Christian, but not quite Christian institution, the university or college in Britain in 1945 ?
- 2) What should the Christian student do in it ?

(1) The university believes in its bones that truth is one, though it allows some of its philosophers to deny that there is any such thing as truth. It believes that the truth is one, and can be increasingly known ; that the universe makes sense, or at least that where it makes nonsense we can begin to understand the sort of nonsense it makes. We as Christians believe that God is truth and the world was made by Him, so we can confidently expect that, if we understand it, it will make sense. Only we know why, and have a reason for, the faith which the university also shares. We have also an inside knowledge about the nonsense because we know about original sin which most university teachers do not believe in.

The university believes that you matter, that your thoughts are worth thinking, and that it is worth your while and worth its while to see that you think as accurately and as truthfully as possible. It regards you as a person and not as a bottle to be filled. We as Christian people believe that you are the child of God, that He intends you for eternal companionship with Himself, and that you can only realise that destiny by giving your-

self to whatever is His will for you, which includes thinking truly.

The university believes that it is possible to be disinterested in the pursuit of truth, and that in the end the universe will give up all its secrets to patient honest search. Here the Christian is sceptical. He is aware that both he himself and other people are more prejudiced and more fallible than they like to admit; that particularly where our feelings and interests are involved we are none of us fit to pass a final judgment. He suspects the last word is always with God and not with man.

The Christian's Duty

(2) What should a Christian student do with his time in college, and how should he behave?

Take the *whole* of your college life as the place of your discipleship. This is the root of the matter. Your Christian duty is always exactly where you are, and now. Of course your duty may be to go somewhere else; perhaps it may be wrong for you to be a student at all. If so, decide quickly where else you ought to be, and go there. But if you are to be a student, that is your Christian duty.

What then is the status and meaning for the Christian of the things you study?

(a) You may regard all the subjects as merely technical training, of no interest in themselves. This is dishonouring to the Creator because it implies that His world is not worthy of your serious attention. It consequently puts you wrong with yourself, because you are using your mind in a way in which it was not intended to work. It is designed to be outward looking, having an interest in things, people and ideas as such, and not only for some external advantage which you can get from them. It is important to get this point right. There is nothing wrong in learning about stresses because you want to be able to make a bridge; the direction of enquiry has time and again been determined by practical considerations of that sort. Nor in learning French because you want to be able to talk with Frenchmen and read French books. There is everything wrong in learning about stresses only because you must pass an exam in something, or in learning French only because you must have something to teach when you "go down".

(b) You may go to the other extreme and profess to believe that all knowledge is a good in itself, and that whatever you learn, however trivial or silly, the learning itself is good. This also is dishonouring to God, because it divides up what He has made one, and separates the intellect from the rest of yourself and the accumulation of knowledge from the use of it. This is not to deny that there is a place in the community of science, or in the Christian community, for people who are almost purely knowers, walking encyclopaedias if they know a bit about many things, or walking monographs if they know nearly everything about one thing; but only when they acknowledge their place in the community, and definitely accept that as their vocation, just as another may give himself up wholly to prayer for the sake of the fellowship of the Church.

(c) You may go to yet another extreme, and say that *all* secular subjects are merely "toys", perhaps allowed as harmless ways of passing the time since we cannot be concerned always with religious duties; perhaps useful as points of contact with other people, through which we can lead them to God or in some other way do them good. This "otherworldly" attitude can be made to sound quite Christian, but it is not. Again it is dishonouring to God, who is not the God of religion only, but of the whole creation (sin excepted).

(d) The Christian believes that as He gave us bodies, so He became flesh, and nothing that He made or touched can ever be unclean or trivial. Our Lord in His parables did not merely use material facts to illustrate spiritual truths. He saw the world, spiritual and physical as one, and (sin excepted) as pointing in all its parts to the one God. The Christian then will bring a zest to his learning about the world which is not less than the zest of the man who believes there is no other, but greater, because he sees the other through it. He will say: "*nihil humanum a me alienum puto*", because he knows that all men are his fellow-creatures and neighbours. He will find that every addition to his knowledge makes him more sensitive and alive to the world in which he has been placed by his Creator. The distant, whether in time or space, will enter into his consciousness, so that instead of the range of his adjustments being limited by his own five senses, it stretches to the limits of the real. He is still the centre of his own action and duty, but the adequacy and variety of his possible actions, his whole awareness, is enormously extended. Only the idiot reacts to nothing but

what his senses present to him. There is no known limit at the other extreme, where accurate knowledge, vivid imagination and keen feeling are brought together in the service of God-and-neighbour or neighbour-for-God.

T. R. MILFORD.

A Christian Critique of Current Events

*Extracts from an Indian S.C.M. leaflet published
in the Madras-Vellore Area.*

The End of War

The world war has ended. The cause of justice in the world demanded the utter destruction of Fascism. The victory of the Allies is the victory of one way of life over another. Maulana Azad says: "The whole world has come out of a most horrible flood of fire and blood and the shores of peace are now discernible. The world has witnessed during this period the rise and fall of three devastating floods, namely Fascism, Nazism and Japanese Militarism which threatened to overwhelm the entire world but which have in the end been overwhelmed by the gathering forces of democracy. This is the one aspect of the end of this war which has in it elements of hope for those who value individual and national freedom as man's birthright and which makes it possible for freedom-loving humanity to welcome it." The Allied victory is a victory of the peoples of the world against the forces of reaction.

Even apart from this fact, the end of armed hostilities is bound to bring a sense of profound relief to suffering mankind, a relief that at long last "this carnage has ended".

The tension between the Church and the World has been at its height for Christians during this war. For the first time in the history of mankind, the Edinburgh, Oxford and Tambaram World conferences revealed the fact of a World Christian Community, and the war made of these brothers in Christ enemies to be fought against, bombed and destroyed. But there is cause to thank God that His Church remained one during the war. There have been temptations for many to cast an aura of holiness on this war and make it a holy Crusade. This would have broken the consciousness that all are responsible for the total sinful situation of the world; thus they affirmed their oneness with Christians in the enemy countries. Now that they can meet,

they will meet not as holy men meeting unholy men but as sinners meeting sinners, at the feet of the Redeemer. And they will thank God more for the oneness that has endured the shock of shells, than for the victory of any particular cause. For do they not know that the One Church is the bearer of meaning for all mankind ?

Has War ended ?

The end of war need not mean the dawn of real peace. The warning is sounded from many quarters that unless the people's victory is consolidated and carried to a finish, "the victory may be no more than the false dawn of fugitive peace". Allied victory, many of us feel, has not necessarily brought the day of freedom nearer. India still continues to be a dependent country. The war has still to be fought here in our country. Militarism and Imperialism are still to be eliminated from the world. In his message on Victory Day, Nehru said : "My happiness would have been far greater if I could see that militarism as such is also being eliminated from the world. There are many ominous signs, not the least being the so-called atomic bomb, which show the disastrous way that modern civilization is following. No sensitive individual can view this prospect without dismay."

This brings us to the Christian understanding, that in the World there is no absolute distinction between war and peace. The war when it came did not create any new situation ; it was only the revelation in an aggravated form, of a situation that already existed. And the situation we have now is not absolutely different from the war situation : the present is a continuation of the past. The world still remains a world of conflict. The peace of man remains armed peace. Perhaps there is greater realisation of this today than after the last world war.

Labour Victory in Britain

The victory of the Labour party at the British polls is significant of a great change that is happening all over Europe. That the British people did throw Churchill overboard at the height of his power and prestige, means, not any lack of gratitude to, or appreciation of, their great leader, but that they have passed beyond the politics of personalities to that of principles. The pre-war period and what the conservative appeasers of Fascism have done to the nation and the world may be fresh in their memory ; and they saw that some of them were still in key

positions in the British Government even during the war and there were signs of their re-emergence to real power in any new conservative Government. The British people decided not to repeat their mistakes. The Labour victory was a victory of the peoples of the world; and it is not unfair to expect that they will cement Allied unity more than ever. On that depends the future of the world.

How far British Labour is prepared to liquidate the Empire and convert it into a commonwealth, cannot be answered so soon. It will depend on whether they are able to liquidate the imperialists who are still in power in the economic, political and social life of their country and Empire. But there is no doubt that if they are serious about carrying their silent revolution to a successful conclusion, they must now be vigilant. The world is watching Britain to see whether it could create a socialist economic order without shedding blood. Is there sufficient Christian faith in a common good to force the monopolists of Britain to submit to the will of the people or will they try to take the law into their hands when their interests are threatened?

What of the Church of England? Will it take upon itself the task of evangelising labour, so that it may still remain the established Church of England?

Wavell plan and after

With Labour coming to power in Britain, a new attempt is going to be made to end the deadlock in India. Unity in the Central Assembly between League and Congress forced the British Government to make the Wavell offer. But disunity between them made of it a victory for Imperialism in India. Now that another opportunity is going to be provided, will the Congress and the League learn the lessons of the failure of the Simla Conference and join hands on the basis of the recognition of the principle of self-determination and the demand for a National Government, and thus win freedom for the people of India to work out their economic, social and political destiny?

That the deadlock should end is a matter of supreme concern for the Church of Christ in Britain and India. They have lost no opportunity for realising their oneness in the Catholic Church, even during the period of the greatest tension; and this growing oneness has led to mutual understanding on the political plane also. It has led Christians of both countries to see a Common Good transcending their particular interests, and their work for it. This augurs well for the future of British-Indian relationships.

BOOK REVIEW

The Rôle of clandestine Literature in French Resistance

If we are to understand the atmosphere of life in France during the four years of German occupation we must consider its distinctive character. I refer to the heavy cloak of silence which in the dark days of 1940 fell suddenly upon a country whose civilisation had, except for certain short periods of dictatorship, developed steadily in the direction of full intellectual and spiritual freedom, at any rate since the middle of the 18th century. France meant for a Frenchman, perhaps above all, the setting in which he was able to express his opinion unfettered, to form links with others in the realm of the mind, to be in close touch with all the prevailing currents of thought of the day; where in short he had the right to develop his intellectual being as he chose. It is therefore easy to understand the stupefaction which came upon us on the day that we were cut off from those living sources of our personal and social life. It is natural, and probably justifiable, to say that the Frenchman is too talkative. Still we must remember that all this surface talkativeness hides a real richness, the richness of a free people which finds its freedom above all on the intellectual plane. It is only as we understand the particular burden felt by the French people in the establishment of a strict censorship, of prohibitions and of silence, that we can rightly assess the work of publication which developed in the resistance organisations from the early days of the occupation.

Only a few weeks after the Armistice of June 1940, the first clandestine newspapers appeared. Though poor in appearance — just a few sheets duplicated, or vilely printed — they were yet rich with promise for the future. At that time, when France's only contact with the free world was occasional broadcasts by the B.B.C. which were listened to religiously by families with doors and windows closed in spite of all the barriers imposed by "jamming"; at that time, when France seemed to have dis-

owned herself and to have sunk into a mortal stupor, those first little leaflets, which carried a programme in their very titles, seemed to be the symbol of our country's confirmed will to live by her own tradition, her own ideals, and her own free choice. It would be impossible to list here the countless leaflets, which, through these four years, brought us information, marching orders, and messages of pride and courage: *Freedom, Truth, Combat, Liberation, the Defence of France, Franc-tireur* and many others. To many of them, victory has brought a reward for loyalty and patience, and they have become the wellknown newspapers of Paris in 1945. If any other proof of their importance is needed, it is to be found in the fact that they became the actual core of the resistance movements, which carried on the struggle tirelessly for four years. They stand as a symbol of the power of thought, and above all of written thought, over the Frenchman.

But if the daily struggle against oppression found its political expression in these resistance newspapers, a deeper influence was exercised by writings which, if less widely known, had a far greater scope and richer content. I shall give merely two examples. *Les Cahiers Politiques*, founded in 1943, have become today one of the chief French reviews. Their aim at first was to express in a form, which, if not precisely technical, was at least worthy of the attention of the intellectual, the essential principles which inspired French resistance, and to define the initial reforms which would require to be carried out after the liberation. Through this channel, the thinking men and women of France first began to turn their attention to the future of the state, society and a new economics, and we can observe today that the Government is applying many of the lessons taught in the time of oppression by *Les Cahiers Politiques*.

Les Editions de Minuit are even better known. And indeed at a time when paper, ink, and type were lacking, and when the printing presses themselves were under continual police supervision, it was something of a gamble to undertake to publish in secret the most representative works of free French thought. More than twenty volumes, magnificently printed on *de luxe* paper, appeared in four years, all bearing on their fly leaf the words "Published at the expense of patriot men of letters". All through these four years certain selected people went on receiving by the post, without even knowing their origin or the sender's name, these little books, and distributed them as a nourishment of hope and loyalty on which they quickly came to depend. The

authors of these works bore mysterious names, often those of French provinces. People read with passion the writings of Vercors, of Forez, Cévennes and Auxois, of Minervoise and many others, without any idea that these names and other pseudonyms screened such well-known writers as Mauriac, Guéhenno, Avélines, Aragon and Cassou. *Les Editions de Minuit*, however, were destined to reveal a new master of French literature, Vercors. In his short stories: *Le Songe*, *La Marche à l'Idéal*, and above all *Le Silence de la Mer*, Vercors expressed in very simple language, which everyone could understand, the uncompromising revolt of the French soul against totalitarian tyranny as represented at that time by concentration camps, anti-semitic persecutions, in fact by the domination of national socialism and Prussian militarism. The nobility of this resistance was seen in the calm, the absence of hate, and the objectivity which were his characteristics. In that remarkable work *Le Silence de la Mer*, in particular, where he describes the drama which is played out between a very simple French family somewhere in the provinces and a German officer who is billeted on them, Vercors avoids all appeal to the brutal passions of man. If it were not for the deep tragedy that constantly overshadows the conversations and the thoughts of his three characters, one might almost say his story was set in a minor key. *Le Silence de la Mer* is, in a sense, the affirmation that there is something more powerful than the right of arms, than economic necessity, than hordes let loose upon the earth; it is the affirmation that no mystical idea of race, or the soil, or domination, can ever attain to the pure ideals of simple folk, their guarding of their integrity, their loyalty, intelligence, justice and peace. What Vercors denounces is not any particular aspect of the nazi problem, but the permanent stumblingblock which remains for man's spirit in the existence of barbarians who refuse living-space to those who believe in the ancient French virtues of clarity and equity.

It is impossible to speak here of all the works published by *Les Editions de Minuit*. I shall only refer in passing to the magnificent self-examination of a French Christian in *Le Cahier Noir de Forez* (Mauriac), and the collection of verse in which the youthful poetry of Aragon, Cassou and Eluard sound a note of lyrical power which had long ceased to be heard in official literature. It must also be noted that *Les Editions de Minuit* sought to make it plain that they were not only performing a national function, but were also trying to express that life of the spirit which knows no frontiers. This they did by the publication of

certain foreign works, such as Steinbeck's *The Moon is down*, and even a collection of German poems. At a time when the official publishing houses could only produce classical texts, sentimental novels or worthless detective stories, or were sinking under the load of the most abject nazi propaganda, this edition saved the honour of our culture and gave our people the intellectual nourishment they needed.

I have written so far only of those clandestine publications which raised no questions on the religious level. But our view of this whole enterprise would be partial and therefore misleading if we did not add to it the efforts of Christians of the different confessions to express the attitude to resistance which they derived from their faith. One name comes immediately to mind, that of *Les Cahiers du Témoignage Chrétien*. In the months after the occupation, there appeared clandestinely certain small leaflets, whose object was to assert in the face of the powers of that day the categorical "no" of the Christian, since before the powers of evil the Christian must confess his faith without compromise of any sort. Particularly I must mention a small leaflet which we launched in the unoccupied zone in the spring of 1941 in conjunction with some Protestant friends, all members of the French Student Movement. It was indeed after a conversation with our Chairman, Dr. Visser't Hooft, when he passed through Montpellier, that we decided that Protestants could not remain silent at a time when both Catholics and unbelievers were speaking clearly and courageously. In this way *La Présence de l'Eglise* came to light, a mere little sheet in duplicated form, with the words of the apostle, as a heading: "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it" (I Corinthians xii: 26).

We wrote it on the basis of information about France and other countries, in particular of the news that came through bulletins of *The International Christian Press and Information Service*, of which a few copies still came from Geneva. We rolled off several hundred copies to be dropped into letter-boxes or sent by post (knowing that a good third of them would be confiscated by the police) to ministers, laymen or leaders of young people's groups throughout the unoccupied zone. It was a small thing, but we have all retained a precious memory of these gatherings at which a group of four or five friends wrote, printed and wrapped up our little news-sheet. What a joy it was when some member of our Church, or one of our fellow-countrymen, expressed his satisfaction and his gratitude for these few pages

of witness, and that without knowing that he was addressing one of the authors!

However the Catholics had far greater financial and material resources at their disposal, simply because of their numbers in France, and they also had similar organs on their side. Also our denominational differences seemed to have no longer any justification when the need arose to affirm, before the lords of this world, the unalterable character of our common faith in Jesus Christ. So it was that after a year's existence, *Présence de l'Eglise* decided to suspend publication and to invite all Protestants in the Resistance to collaborate in the splendid work begun by *Les Cahiers du Témoignage Chrétien*.

In November 1941 the first number of this clandestine magazine appeared. Its title, which contained a whole programme in itself, was: "France, see that you do not lose your soul". It is worth while to quote a few extracts from this number. In the introduction, we read: "Christians, as children of light, must know and must witness. On their own plane, which is that of the Kingdom of God and His Justice, no opportunism, no worldly fears, can exempt them from the witness which they must make against any caricature of justice, of truth, and, alas, of honour. The Frenchmen who offer you these *Cahiers*, are not of any single political party, are not for or against any particular programme. Their one concern is to stop the slow suffocation of men's consciences. They bring you verified facts and authentic documents, and remind you of doctrinal guidance." Further on the *Cahiers* explain their origin in the following words: "For the last year, there has been developing on the political side a whole plan of action, which ought to be of a spiritual nature, but which tends to make us forget our Christian values, that common heritage which, behind all surface divisions, belongs to all our diverse religious groups. These pages intend to limit themselves strictly to this spiritual aspect of the present situation, but they also desire to open the eyes of all Frenchmen, who have still a concern for human and Christian values."

The first *Cahier* concludes with these frank words: "We must never offer the spectacle of Christians who, to save themselves, make a pact with the enemies of Jesus. Such an action is simply to give these enemies more boldness and the means to continue their work of death. There are moments when we cannot yield, and when justice dominates charity, for the charity that sacrifices justice is a poor kind of charity. It destroys justice and so finally destroys charity also. As Pope Pius XII

said last June: 'We must trust in God and yield to His judgment. God alone can, for a season, permit the malignity of man, but the triumph of evil cannot last. The hour of God will come. The hour of liberation and of joy which will bring the resurrection of justice and of peace.' While we await the hour of God, we shall not cease to cry: 'France, see that you do not lose your soul.'"

This was the cry which the *Cahiers* never ceased to raise with courage and patience right up to the time of the Liberation. Some of the writers, alas, paid for their courage and patience with their lives; while there were others who were brought by their participation in the work, whether of printing or of distribution, into the prisons and concentration camps of France or Germany. At last they had the satisfaction of knowing that their sacrifice was not in vain. I remember the story told me by one friend who had escaped from a French fortress in which his clandestine activities had confined him. He was an earnest Christian, and, from the first day he made a point of reading his Bible before going to bed, and of kneeling down at the foot of his bed to pray, even in front of the forty prisoners who shared his dormitory. A good many of them were communists, who at other times would not have restrained their sarcasms at the expense of a Christian who could thus declare his faith. But, in that year of 1942, so far were they from mocking or insulting him that they respected the detachment of this man and even took the trouble to express to him their gratitude for the attitude of all French Christians. My friend told me with emotion of his surprise and joy when he discovered that not only had *Les Cahiers du Témoignage Chrétien* made the French communists understand that Catholic and Protestant Christians were sharing in their struggle against the nazi totalitarism, but that *Les Cahiers* had actually a deeper influence in popular circles, and especially among the masses of workers, than any other publication of a political nature. To be sure the *Cahiers* aimed first of all at being the proclamation of the Christian "no" and a warning to Church-members; but by the Grace of God, they were also the means by which many unbelievers heard the good news of Jesus Christ and came to faith and to the Church. Catholics and Protestants worked together in the actual editing. There were always one or two Protestants on the editorial staff, and the editors always were careful to publish alongside pontifical or episcopal pronouncements, the text of synodal declarations against national-socialist paganism, some letter from Karl Barth to the French Christians, etc.

This collaboration continued without the slightest cloud until the day of liberation. Since then the *Cahiers* have continued to appear in the shape of a weekly with a large circulation, under the new conditions of freedom and law; however, they have taken a more purely political turn and have become solely Catholic. Still the memory remains among both Protestants and Catholics of the experience of a struggle in common against all the forms of intolerable idolatry which dominated our country by force for four years. Together, and by means of the *Cahiers*, we declared that the Christian could not accept any form of national socialism, whether under the name of antisemitism, racialism, imperialism, militarism or any other. In this way the *Cahiers* were the voice of Christian France under the occupation, besides being a meeting ground and place of spiritual communion for disunited Christians. We did not attempt to forget what separated us, but we were able to fight together for our common heritage at the time when it was in mortal danger.

Much more might be said, many names quoted, many efforts singled out, and many sacrifices praised. I should only wish, in conclusion, to pay tribute to all who gave their lives for the freedom of the spirit, whether in obedience to Jesus Christ or not. A striking characteristic of our French Resistance Movement is the part played in it by French intellectuals, men of letters, professors, students, teachers, and all whose profession springs from the realm of thought. All of these people were able, for four years, and with few regrettable exceptions, to remain united in the common defence of an ideal of freedom and integrity. For Christians too it is a claim to fame that they, in their own way, and with definiteness, declared their participation in the struggle.

PHILIPPE MAURY.